

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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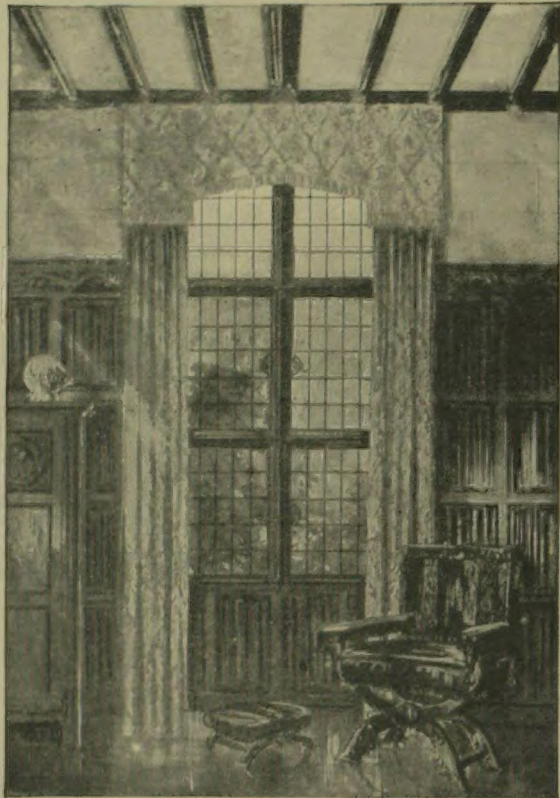
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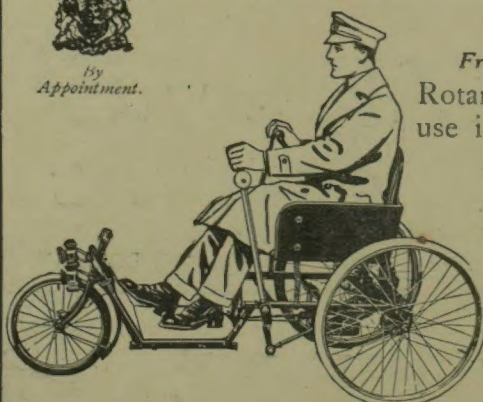
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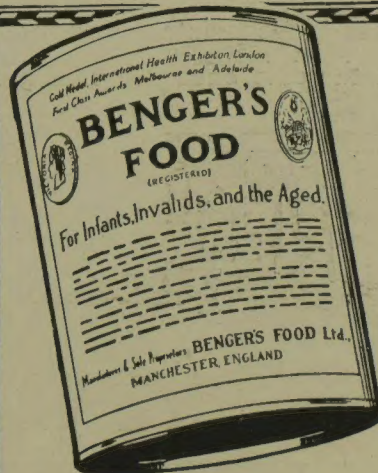
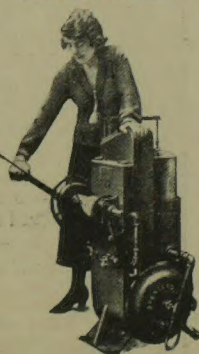
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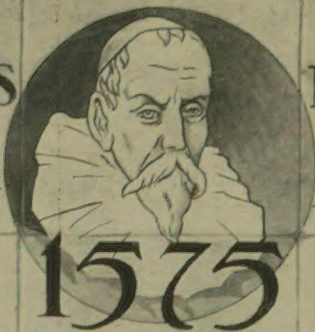
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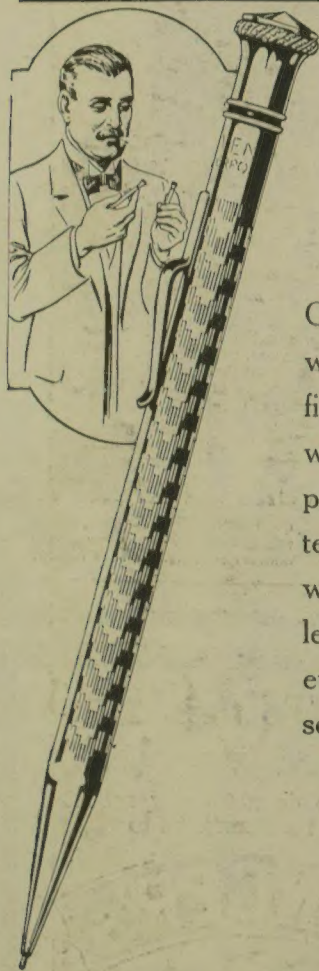


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1922.

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"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE AT THIS MOMENT . . . IS TRANQUILLITY":

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE PRIME MINISTER, THE RT. HON. ANDREW BONAR LAW, P.C., M.P.

Having been unanimously elected leader of the Unionist Party, on October 23, Mr. Bonar Law accepted from the King the position of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, which his Majesty had offered to him on the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George. Speaking at the Unionist meeting at which he was elected, the new Premier said: "What this country needs above everything else at this moment is conservatism, not in the party sense of the word, but in the broad sense of the word. What it needs is tranquillity, freedom from adventures and commitments both at home and abroad." Mr. Bonar Law was born in New

Brunswick in 1858. He first entered Parliament in 1900, and in 1911 was unanimously chosen leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. On the eve of the war (in which he lost two sons) he promised the Liberals Unionist support if they stood firmly by France. When the Coalition was formed in 1915, he became Colonial Secretary. In December 1916 he declined the King's invitation to form a Government, but pledged his aid to Mr. Lloyd George, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House. In March 1921 his health gave way, and he retired temporarily from politics.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the changes that are wrought by time is that a boy thinks of a thought as an arrow, and an older man thinks of it as a spear. I mean that in youth we throw any number of ideas about and lose them, as the man in the song lost the arrow in the oak. But when we are growing older we like to keep a grip on an idea, and use it everywhere as a test, like the spear of Ithuriel. This is in a sense a narrower action; yet it comes from a wider experience. The hunter has come to select his spear, so to speak, from among sheafs of javelins that he would once have hurled about recklessly without thought of recovery. He has picked out the two or three principles or conceptions which he thinks are at this particular moment relevant and requisite; which are to the point, like the point of the spear.

One of the facts he discovers by experience, of course, is the power and popularity of repetition. As a young man he would disdain to say the same thing twice; as an older man he knows it will not even begin to exist till he has said it about two hundred times. He discovers, among many other paradoxes of practical life, that monotony seems to be more amusing than variety. He discovers that many pupils only begin to learn at the moment when the teacher despairs of teaching. He discovers that mobs, so far from being mad after novelty, have to turn riot itself into a tradition. They cannot even rebel unless rebellion is a habit; they cannot even fight old customs except where fighting is itself an old custom. But though this is true in the last resort, in the ultimate realism of revolution, it is crossed and complicated by another truth. It is one I have explained before, but apparently not very well; so I must try again, for the sake of those who have since questioned me. Anyhow, it is one of these tests that I have come to carry about with me, as talismans and touchstones to be applied again and again.

It might be roughly stated thus. What was the matter with most reformers hitherto was that the reformers were never contented or even concerned to reform. They were not satisfied to alter the abnormal in favour of the normal; they were much more eager to alter the normal in favour of the novel. The trick that has tripped up generation after generation of perfectly just reformers is that they were more interested in some particular new-fangled plan than they were in pointing out the old and obvious evil. The removal of every abuse or abomination was always tangled and tied hand and foot with some temporary and trumpery fad. Suppose the rising generation knocking at the doors is disposed to go so far as breaking the windows. Suppose it is doing so on the perfectly just ground that people, especially poor people (let us say the servants in the basement) are wrongly forced to live a subterranean life without sufficient light and air. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the rising generation rather enjoys breaking windows as well as ventilating houses, not to mention ventilating grievances. But it is not the breaking windows I object to; it is not the riots and street-fights of a thing like the French Revolution

that do the harm. Those, as I have said, are not really novel, but rather traditional; just as it is a very old proverb that boys will be boys. But in the main, this sort of beating and kicking at the door by the rising generation does no particular harm, and certainly marks no particular novelty. Riot is not an innovation; it is rather an institution.

The real point about the young rebel breaking the basement windows is this. For some mysterious reason he very seldom does simply say to his father, uncle, or other guardian: "What an infernal shame the servants should be kept in that dark, stuffy hole!" At least, he would say that only in the barbaric innocence of true boyhood, but not in the intellectual Bolshevism of earnest youth. What he does say to his reactionary uncle is not that, but something like this: "My dear uncle, why not have the Spiral Centrifugal Ventilation System? It is quite infallible. I can make it clear to you, by a simplified series of diagrams, if you will give me your

ground which is entirely solid to a positive ground that is probably very insecure. Instead of telling the old man that he ought to be ashamed of himself for keeping his servants in a black hole of Calcutta, he tries to persuade him to gamble in something as airy and fantastic as the hanging gardens of Babylon, not to mention the flying island of Laputa. While he is always right about what is wrong, he is generally wrong about what is right. And he is, as a rule, overwhelmingly and pompously positive that he is right about what is right. He is full of the prejudices of youth, which are so much stiffer and more stubborn than the prejudices of old age. For it is certainly one of the characteristics of youth to be narrow; I might rather say it is one of the virtues of youth to be narrow. Narrowness is there the negative side of simplicity and sincerity. But anyhow, it will generally be found, I think, that the young man is very positive about his positive solution. And it is exactly his positive solution that is wrong, and his negative and neglected criticism that is right. That is what I meant

by the suggestion referred to; I apologise for repeating it, but it is the moral of these meditations that I shall probably repeat it a great many times, until at last my critic can really read it for the first time. I do not say this in any superior spirit; my doubt is about my powers of exposition rather than his powers of comprehension. But what I mean is that a new sort of success awaits a reformer who shall have the simplicity to be merely a reformer; even if he seems to be more concerned with revolution and less with reconstruction. We hear a great deal of condemnation of any policy that is merely negative or merely destructive. We heard the policy of the Great War condemned in that way for being merely negative and destructive; though I can imagine no nobler tribute to it, considering what it denied and what it destroyed. But in a very real sense negative and destructive reforms are exactly what we do want. We want somebody with

the self-control to remove an extraordinary evil, and leave in its place only an ordinary good.

In reality it would seem a tolerably simple idea to a tolerably sane person. We generally do relapse contentedly into ordinary good after the removal of any extraordinary evil. We are quite satisfied if the removal of a tooth means the removal of a toothache. We do not call the dentist merely destructive; or ask him what is his constructive policy. If we get typhoid fever, our idealism does not rise much higher than getting rid of it. We do not say to the doctor, as the politicians say to the reformer, "But what will you put in its place?" You do not ask earnestly what is the alternative policy. The alternative to having typhoid fever is not having typhoid fever; and most of us would contemplate it with thankfulness and repose. We can, if necessary, put the truth in a more abstract and accurate definition than any parable about toothache or typhoid. We can say that existence is itself an enjoyment, when it can be uninterruptedly enjoyed; and that this fact is never so vivid as just after the toothache has stopped.



"I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MY MAP AND A LONG POINTER": THE PRINCE OF WALES OFFICIALLY WELCOMED BY THE CITY ON HIS RETURN FROM THE EAST—THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON.

On October 20 the Prince of Wales received from the City of London an address of congratulation on his Eastern tour, and was entertained to luncheon in the Guildhall. Alluding to Mr. Lloyd George's remark that his tours were becoming a lesson in geography, the Prince humorously said that he felt rather like a lecturer and should have brought his map and a long pointer. He then gave a most interesting account of his travels in India and Japan. In the background of the photograph (from left to right) are—Sir Robert Horne, Miss Megan Lloyd George, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mr. Lloyd George, the Japanese Ambassador, the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mrs. Shortt and Mr. Shortt.—[Photograph by Topical.]

attention for a few hours every day. To anyone with scientific training like myself, the principle of the involution of volume in the transverse interior cross-current is self-evident at a glance; but the thing is demonstrable even to your—I mean even to the simplest intelligence. If you will allow me to pull down the house and put in a proper spiral-spring foundation, with centrifugal walls, your own health and appearance, as well as that of the servants, will exhibit a much-needed improvement." The young man really talks like that; and then people are surprised that the old man does not instantly leap to his feet and take part in the destructive revolution; dancing with delight to see his house twisted into corkscrews, or turning round and round on wheels. Probably he has a good deal to say against the Spiral Centrifugal Ventilation System; possibly there is really a good deal to be said against it. And lucky it is for him; for there was nothing whatever to be said for his own old black, abominable, badly ventilated basement.

That is how the reform is ruined and brought to nought. The reformer always slides from a negative

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERESFORD, C.N., RUSSELL, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



MARRIED IN AMERICA TO MRS. OGDEN MILLS: SIR PAUL DUKES, AN AUTHORITY ON RUSSIA.



WINNER OF THE "DAILY MAIL" £1000 PRIZE FOR GLIDING, WITH A RECORD FLIGHT: M. MANEYROLLE, IN HIS MACHINE.



APPOINTED CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE PALESTINE GOVERNMENT: SIR GILBERT CLAYTON.



AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN FOREIGN MINISTER DURING THE WAR: THE LATE BARON BURIAN.



THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF ENGAGED: LORD CAVAN AND HIS FIANCÉE, LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND.



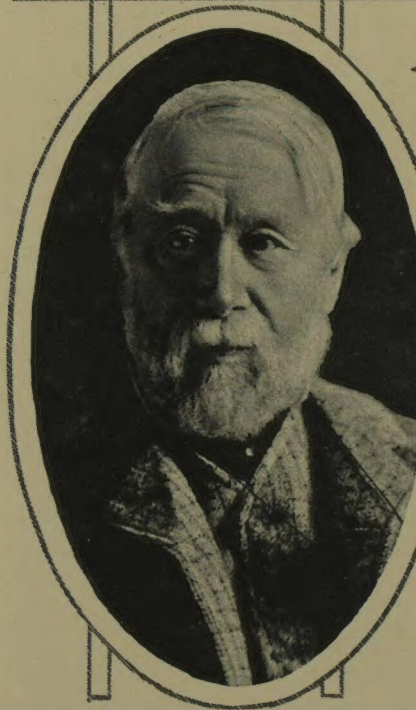
APPOINTED THE FIRST BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF PLYMOUTH: CANON J. H. B. MASTERMAN.



A GREAT SCOTTISH LANDOWNER: THE LATE MARQUESS OF BREADALBANE.



AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN: THE LATE SIR JAMES GALLOWAY.



THE DOYEN OF THE NAVY: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ALGERNON DE HORSEY.



OUR GREATEST LIVING ACTRESS HONOURS A GREAT PREDECESSOR: MISS ELLEN TERRY UNVEILING A TABLET TO MRS. SIDDONS AT BATH.



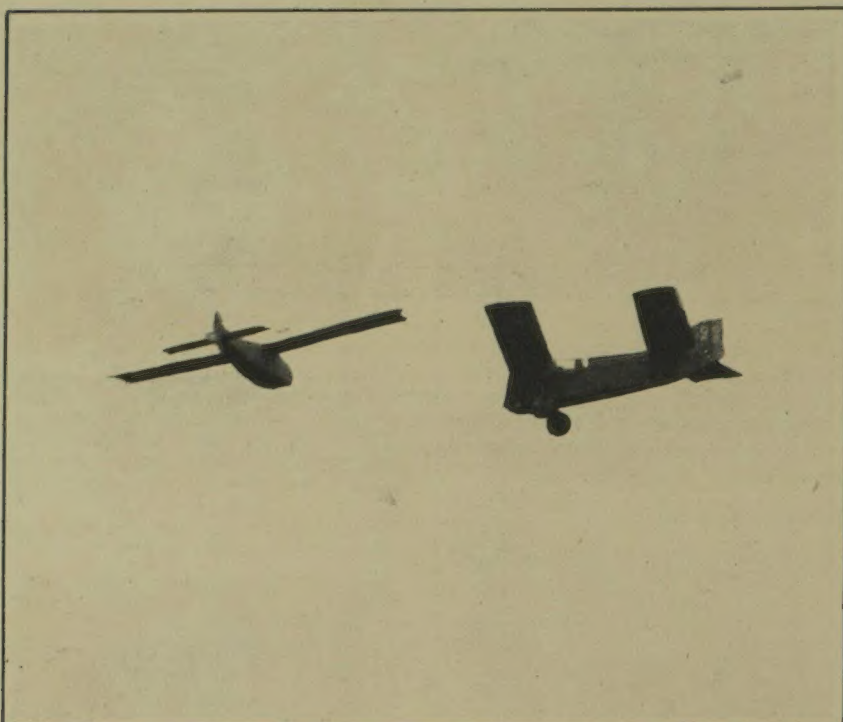
THE FIRST HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA: THE LATE SIR W. S. MEYER.

Sir Paul Dukes, whose account of his escape from Bolshevist Russia made so much stir, recently married Mrs. Ogden Mills, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.—M. Maneyrolle, the French airman, won the "Daily Mail" £1000 prize for gliding, at Firle, on October 21, by remaining in the air in a motorless monoplane for 3 hrs. 22 min., thus beating the German record of 3 hrs. 10 min.—Sir Gilbert Clayton, who is to succeed Sir Wyndham Deedes as Chief Secretary to the Palestine Government, has been Adviser to the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior.—Baron Stephan Burian, who was 71, became Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister in 1915. He was superseded in 1916 and reappointed in 1918.—The late Marquess of Breadalbane owned over 234,000 acres in Perthshire and 204,000

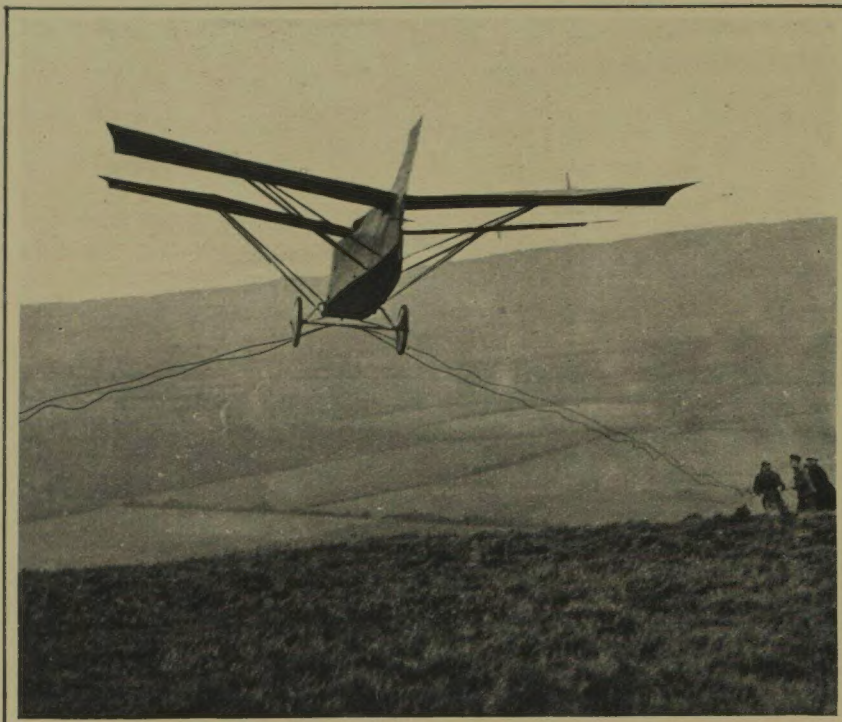
in Argyll. He had been Treasurer of the Household, Lord Steward of the Household, and Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland.—General the Earl of Cavan commanded the British forces in Italy in 1917. Lady Joan Mulholland is a daughter of the Earl of Stafford, and Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary.—Canon Masterman has been ten years Rector of Bow Church, Cheapside, and latterly of Stoke Damerel, Devonport.—Sir James Galloway was Senior Physician and Lecturer on Medicine at Charing Cross Hospital.—Admiral de Horsey, who was born in 1827, was both the oldest and the senior in service on the retired list.—Miss Ellen Terry on October 17 unveiled a tablet to Sarah Siddons at 33, Paragon, Bath.—Sir William Meyer became the first High Commissioner for India in 1920.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., THE "TORONTO STAR," TOPICAL, AND I.B.



WINNING THE £1000 PRIZE AND BEATING THE GERMAN GLIDING RECORD: M. MANEYROLLE (RIGHT), WITH ANOTHER COMPETITOR, DURING HIS MOTORLESS FLIGHT OF 3 HRS. 22 MIN.



LETTING GO THE LAUNCHING-ROPE AT THE START OF HIS RECORD GLIDE: M. MANEYROLLE IN HIS MOTORLESS AEROPLANE "TAKING OFF" FROM THE BROW OF FIRLE BEACON.



AFTER THE GREAT FIRE WHICH DEVASTATED FORTY MILES OF FOREST AND SETTLEMENTS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO, CAUSING OVER FIFTY DEATHS AND ENORMOUS DAMAGE TO PROPERTY: RUINS OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF HAILEYBURY.



A REAL POLITICAL "FIGHT"—WITH FLOUR, SOOT, ROTTEN EGGS, AND FISH: GLASGOW UNIVERSITY STUDENTS RAGGING DURING THE RECTORIAL ELECTION.

At the gliding competition over the Sussex Downs, near Lewes (as mentioned on our Personalities page, where his portrait appears), M. Maneyrolle, a French airman, remained in the air in his motorless aeroplane for 3 hrs. 22 min., on October 21, thus beating the record (3 hrs. 10 min.) made by a German, Herr Hentzen, and winning the £1000 prize offered by the "Daily Mail."—The great Ontario fire, of which a distant view from a lake steamer was given in our issue for October 21, destroyed the town of Haileybury and a number of villages. Over fifty people perished 8000 were rendered homeless, and the damage was estimated at £1,700,000.—During the Rectorial election at Glasgow University,



UNVEILED BY PRINCE HENRY (RIGHT): THE EAST DEREHAM WAR MEMORIAL—LORD AILWYN READING THE ROLL OF THE FALLEN.

there was a free fight between the "Blue Army" (Unionists) against the Liberal and Labour forces in the University grounds. Flour, soot, rotten eggs and decayed fish were used as missiles, and several students were injured. The result of the election, declared on October 21, was: Lord Birkenhead (Unionist), 1165 votes; Sir John Simon (Liberal), 530; and Mr. H. G. Wells (Labour), 353.—Prince Henry unveiled the War Memorial at East Dereham, Norfolk, in honour of the men of that town who lost their lives. The Roll of Honour was read by Lord Ailwyn, formerly known as Sir Ailwyn Fellowes, Chairman of the Norfolk County Council. The Bishop of Norwich (seen seated on the right) performed the dedication.

THE FEAR OF THE TURK IN THRACE: AN EXODUS OF REFUGEES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U.



"MOTOR TRANSPORT IS UNPROCURABLE, OX-TRANSPORT ALONE BEING AVAILABLE": ONE OF THE LONG STRAGGLING CONVOYS OF GREEK AND ARMENIAN REFUGEES TREKKING FROM EASTERN THRACE BEFORE ITS OCCUPATION BY THE TURKS.



LONG DAYS OF WAITING FOR A BOAT TO TAKE THEM AWAY: REFUGEES (INCLUDING A PRIEST) AND THEIR BAGGAGE ON THE PIER AT RODOSTO.



ENTRUSTED WITH RELIEF WORK BY THE ALLIED COMMISSIONERS: DR. NANSEN, THE FAMOUS NORWEGIAN EXPLORER, AND A CHILD REFUGEE.



WHERE FIFTY THOUSAND GREEK AND ARMENIAN REFUGEES WERE HUDDLED TOGETHER ON THE BEACH IN EASTERN THRACE: HOMELESS FAMILIES AND THEIR BELONGINGS ON THE COAST NEAR RODOSTO, ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA OF MARMORA.

The coming restoration of eastern Thrace to the Turks has caused a great exodus westward of Greek and Armenian refugees. Writing from Ortakeui, on the Bulgarian frontier, on October 21, Mr. Martin H. Donohoe, a "Daily Chronicle" correspondent, says: "The stream of refugees still flows unbrokenly into western Thrace. . . . I made a tour of the Lower Maritza to-day, and passed long straggling convoys of refugees. . . . The food problem is daily becoming more acute. The refugees' slender supply of wheat, carried on ox-wagons, is rapidly

diminishing. Despite Dr. Nansen's efforts, great difficulty is being experienced in collecting and transporting the wheat left behind in eastern Thrace. . . . Motor transport is unprocureable, ox-transport alone being available. Tons of wheat are now lying rotting at the roadside in eastern Thrace, and thousands of refugees now behind the Maritza line will soon be faced with starvation." They are also threatened by bands of brigands (*comitadjis*) who cross the Bulgarian frontier at various points in search of plunder.

WOMEN GOING ROUND A CHURCH ON THEIR KNEES:

DRAWN BY



WEARING PICTURESQUE EMBROIDERED DRESSES AND MITRE-SHAPED CAPS: BRETON WOMEN

The pardons of Brittany, of which we recently illustrated another example—that of St. Yves—in our issue of September 16 last, are famous for their quaint and picturesque ceremonies. In a note on his drawing reproduced above, M. Frédéric de Haenen writes: "At the extreme end of the Bay of Audierne, on the north-west coast of Brittany, there existed in historic times an important town, 'Penmarch,' now dwindled to a community of fishermen. Three kilometres (about two miles) from there, at St. Guénolé, on the seacoast, is a chapel of Notre Dame de la Joie. At the Pardon, and on feast days, there is held a

AN APOLOGIA FOR THE COALITION: THE EX-PREMIER AT LEEDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND L.N.A.



EAGER FOR AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN: MR. LLOYD GEORGE ARRIVING AT THE MAJESTIC CINEMA, LEEDS.



THE EX-PREMIER AND HIS HOST AND HOSTESS AT LEEDS: (LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, MRS. ARMITAGE, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND MR. ROBERT ARMITAGE.



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LEEDS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE SIGNING THE REGISTER—SHOWING MRS. LLOYD GEORGE (WITH BOUQUET) SITTING NEXT TO HIM.



"THE PEOPLE MUST DECIDE WHETHER PARTY OR THE NATION COMES FIRST": MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT LEEDS.

Mr. Lloyd George visited Leeds on October 21, and addressed an audience of Coalition Liberals, numbering nearly 3000, in the Majestic Cinema. His speech was devoted mainly to a review of the work of the late Coalition Government, of which he was the head. "It is for the people of this country," he said, "to decide whether party or the nation comes first. . . . Against the advice of their best leaders, Unionists have parted from the Coalition to snatch a purely party advantage. . . . The Carlton Club has smashed the combination that was pulling through our trade, commerce and credit. It is a crime against the nation. . . . I

stand where I was—I stand for some sound progress. . . . I promise you that, whatever the future brings forth, I will do nothing mean, nothing paltry." For the night before the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, and their daughter Megan, were the guests of Mr. Robert Armitage, Coalition-Liberal Member for Central Leeds, at Farnley Hall. In the above group there, at the back (left to right) are Miss Armitage, Sir Berkeley Moynihan, Professor of Surgery at Leeds University, and Lady Moynihan. Mrs. Lloyd George said lately that a political fight was like a tonic to her husband, and always improved his health.

A "DYNAMIC FORCE" BECAME A "DISEMBARRASSED PHANTOM": THE EX-PRIME MINISTER AFTER HIS RESIGNATION.

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER. PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.



THE END OF SEVENTEEN SUCCESSIVE YEARS IN THE CABINET: MR. LLOYD GEORGE LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN HIS CAR AFTER PLACING HIS RESIGNATION IN THE HANDS OF THE KING.



IN HIGH SPIRITS FOR THE COMING CONTEST: MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON THE DAY AFTER HIS RESIGNATION, WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR DAUGHTER MEGAN, LEAVING DOWNING STREET FOR THE GUILDHALL.

The Court Circular of October 19 contained the following statement: "The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., had an audience of his Majesty and tendered his resignation as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, which the King was graciously pleased to accept." The Premier's action was the result of the Unionist Party meeting held at the Carlton Club on the morning of the same day. He went to Buckingham Palace, accompanied by Sir Edward Grigg, shortly after 4 o'clock, and was in audience with his Majesty for about twenty minutes. The event terminated a period of seventeen successive years' service as a member of the Cabinet—a

remarkable record. Mr. Lloyd George was President of the Board of Trade from 1905 to 1908, Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1908 to 1915, Minister of Munitions from 1915 to 1916, Secretary for War in 1916, and Prime Minister from that year until the other day. He has been described by the ex-Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead) as "a dynamic force." In proposing the health of the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall, Mr. Lloyd George said of himself: "I regret that so important a toast should have fallen to the lot of a transient although a disembarassed phantom."

WOMAN'S FIRST IMPORTANT SHARE IN A GENERAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, CLAUDE HARRIS, BERESFORD, HOPPÉ, BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY.

ELECTION: TWENTY-EIGHT CANDIDATES FOR PARLIAMENT.

RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, CAMPBELL GRAY, C.N., GILL, PHOTOPRESS, CROOKE, AND THOMSON.

MRS. EGERTON STEWART-BROWN
(IND. LIB.),
WATERLOO, LIVERPOOL.MRS. OGILVIE GORDON (CO. LIB.),
CANTERBURY.LADY CURRIE (IND. LIB.),
DEVIZES.MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD (LAB.),
NORTHAMPTON.MISS M. P. GRANT (CO. LIB.),
SOUTH-EAST LEEDS.MRS. BARTON (CO-OP., SUPPORTED
BY LABOUR),
KING'S NORTON, BIRMINGHAM.DR. ETHEL BENTHAM (LAB.),
EAST ISLINGTON.MRS. OLIVER STRACHEY (IND.),
BRENTFORD AND CHISWICK.MISS EDITH PICTOU-
TURBERVILL
(LAB.),
N. ISLINGTON.MRS. COOMBE-
TENNANT
(CO. LIB.),
FOREST OF DEAN.THE FIRST BRITISH-BORN WOMAN TO SIT IN THE COMMONS:
MRS. WINTRINGHAM, M.P. (IND. LIB.), LOUTH.THE FIRST WOMAN TO SIT IN THE COMMONS: VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.
(CO. UN.), SUTTON, PLYMOUTH.MRS. AYRTON
GOULD
(LAB.),
NORTH LAMBETH.MISS ALISON
GARLAND
(IND. LIB.),
DARTFORD.MRS. BURNETT SMITH
("ANNIE S. SWAN")
(IND. LIB.),
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.LADY COOPER
(CONSERVATIVE),
WALSALL.MRS. MARJORIE PEASE
(LAB.),
EAST SURREY.MISS HELEN FRASER
(CO. LIB.),
GOVAN, GLASGOW.MRS. SCOTT
GATTY
(IND. LIB.),
HUNTINGDON.LADY BARLOW
(IND. LIB.),
HIGH PEAK,
DERBYSHIRE.COUNCILLOR MRS. BUCHANAN
ALDERTON (IND. LIB.),
S. EDINBURGH.MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE (LAB.),
EAST HAM, NORTH.DAME HELEN GWYNNE VAUGHAN
(UNIONIST), N. CAMBERWELL.COMMANDANT ALLEN (IND. LIB.),
ST. GEORGE'S, WESTMINSTER.MRS. HAMILTON MORE-NISBETT (IND.),
W. EDINBURGH.MISS ELEANOR RATHBONE, J.P.
(IND.),
E. TOXTETH, LIVERPOOL.MRS. CORBETT ASHBY (IND. LIB.),
RICHMOND.LADY LAWSON (IND. LIB.),
BEDFORD.

Although there are already two women (Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham) who have taken their seats in the House of Commons, having been returned at bye-elections, only one woman (Countess Markievicz) was successful at the last General Election in December, 1918, and she never took her seat. The next General Election, therefore, will be the first in which women will take a direct part as candidates on any considerable scale. Under the Representation of the People Act (1918), several millions of women were enfranchised, and the Parliament (Qualification of Women) Act, of the same year, gave women the right to sit as M.P.'s. The first woman Member to take her seat in the Commons was Viscountess Astor, who was elected at Plymouth to her husband's seat, after he had been raised to

the Peerage. Lady Astor being of American birth, Mrs. Wintringham was the first British-born woman to take her seat in the House. She also succeeded her husband, the late Mr. T. Wintringham, who died suddenly in the House of Commons on August 8, 1921. It will be extremely interesting to see in what direction women will exercise their new political power. Of the 28 prospective candidates whose portraits we give above, there are 11 Independent Liberals; 7 Labour candidates; 4 Coalition Liberals; 3 Independents; 1 Unionist; 1 Coalition Unionist; and 1 Conservative. Portraits of several of these candidates appeared in our issue of January 28 last. Other women, of course, may come forward before the election is held.



ARE SATURN'S RINGS DISINTEGRATING?



By SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., the well-known Astronomer.

A PHENOMENON which may ultimately prove to be a progressive change in the physical aspect of Saturn's rings has aroused considerable interest in astronomical circles. The sixth planet in order of distance from the sun, Saturn stands alone in being girdled by a system of rings. In early days this ring-system was thought to be solid, a notion which, however, was soon abandoned in view of certain fundamental postulates. The belief that it was liquid then held sway for a number of years. In 1857 Maxwell demonstrated mathematically the impossibility of its being either solid or liquid; that it represents simply a vast conglomeration of small solid cold particles, each having its own orbit round Saturn. This theory was verified as correct by the spectroscope in 1895, when Professor Keeler, of the Lick Observatory, found that the particles comprising the innermost ring travel round Saturn at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second, and those of the outermost ring at 10 miles a second. The particles in every part of the rings move with the same velocity as would a satellite if situated at the same distance from Saturn. The rings shine purely by reflected sunlight, the whiter parts representing the regions where the particles are more closely congregated. The particles are found to be smaller than was believed. In fact, they range in size from a marble to an atom of dust, chiefly the latter.

Majestically poised in space, these dust-rings are wonderfully symmetrical, although a departure from this rule is suspected in several photographs taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. When turned exactly edgewise to us, they vanish, on account of their extreme thinness. The diameter of the ring-system is $21\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than that of the earth, yet their average thickness cannot exceed 100 miles.

Such a slender dust-ring must be incessantly intruded upon by meteors and occasional comets. In discussing the six probable encounters of the rings with the great Leonid meteoric swarm since A.D. 126, Professor H. H. Turner points out that certain parts of the rings have a motion equal and opposite to the meteors, where the dust particles may be brought to rest and drift away into space, thus robbing the rings of so much matter. The opposite part of the rings moves in unison with the meteors, which latter may occasionally become entangled, and partly compensate for loss on the other side. Concerning the rings as a whole, meteors must play havoc among the particles.

A collision between meteorites and particles of equal size, if not driven out into space, would usually result in both seeking a fresh course close to Saturn, and ultimately falling thereinto.

The particles comprising the entire ring-system are said to be in constant collision, creating the tiny condensations frequently visible. Those of the outer

Indeed, their existence may date back only a few thousand years. Darwin theorises the genesis of the rings by the breaking up of a satellite. The planet's stress of gravity caused instability of the materials forming the satellite, which was at length shattered to atoms, the particles ultimately spreading themselves uniformly round the planet.

The rings are devoid of an atmosphere, since the surface gravity of the particles is insufficient to retain such gases, and disintegration by meteoric impact is thus rendered all the more certain. When we recollect that nearly 400,000,000 of meteors, large enough to be seen with the naked eye, collide with the earth every day, an incredible number must be incessantly bombarding the gigantic Saturnian rings. This wearing-down process must be working a radical change. It is reasonable to assume that disruption by both internal and external forces has at length reached a stage to be telescopically manifested, a change, indeed, such as might be established by the suspected growing transparency of the rings.

Of late years, the transparent nature of the rings has been observed with the ease and certainty which can only be ascribed to the particles comprising the rings being more sparsely strewn. Photographs taken at Mount Wilson clearly show the planet through the outer ring. In 1917, observers Ainslie and Knight, in England, never lost sight of a faint seventh magnitude star which passed behind the outer ring. This remarkable transparency is further corroborated by an observation, made in 1920, of a faint star showing through the densest or whitest part of the rings. Another recent instance of a faint star remaining visible when similarly occulted is of peculiar significance, in that its light changed, during occultation, to a ruddy hue, similarly as does the sun when seen through a thicker stratum of atmosphere at sunset.

We can readily see, from the foregoing remarks, that the rings, as rings, may, after all, be only a transient feature, ever under the influence of annihilating forces, which must sooner or later bring about complete disintegration.

In this number are given several telescopic views of Saturn's rings, and the transparency thereof. These pictures are among the finest and most accurate that have yet appeared, and are based on Professor Barnard's micrometrical measures made with the forty-inch refractor of the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin, U.S.A.



NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE DISRUPTION OF SATURN'S RINGS: TELESCOPIC VIEWS AT VARIOUS ANGLES, SHOWING THE PLANET'S EDGE IN SOME CASES VISIBLE THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT RINGS.

The disruption of Saturn's rings, by both internal and external forces, is apparently inevitable. The remarkable transparency of the rings, latterly observed, indicates that the constituent particles are more sparsely strewn and fewer in number. The process of annihilation is already manifested outwardly. These telescopic views, which are among the finest yet published, are based on Professor Barnard's micrometrical measures made with the 40-inch refractor of the Yerkes Observatory at Wisconsin. Saturn is now in the east-by-south sky.

rings are, in consequence, being ejected into space, as is partly evidenced by the discovery of an external ring to Saturn. The particles of the inner rings, in colliding one with another, are falling in upon Saturn. Collisions occur also on account of Saturn not being a true spheroid, and because of the disturbing action of comets.

The rings are accordingly widening out, the inner ones being drawn into the planet, the outer drifting away into space. Increasing width means that the particles are becoming more sparsely scattered, and that the rings are of comparatively recent origin.

THE RINGS OF SATURN BREAKING UP UNDER BOMBARDMENT.

DRAWING BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., WITH TELESCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE YERKES OBSERVATORY, WISCONSIN.



PROBLEMS OF A PLANET NOW VISIBLE IN THE EAST-BY-SOUTH SKY: SATURN'S RINGS AND THE METEORIC BOMBARDMENT THEORY—THE PLANET COLLIDING WITH THE GREAT SWARM OF LEONID METEORS.

Recent observations have revealed the fact that the rings of Saturn are gradually becoming more attenuated, and astronomers believe that they are in process of disintegration, chiefly through the agency of meteoric bombardment. This fascinating subject is fully discussed by Mr. Scriven Bolton in his article opposite, where he alludes to "the six probable encounters of the rings with the great Leonid meteoric swarm since A.D. 126." The rings have been proved to consist of a vast conglomeration of small solid particles, which Darwin believed to have originated through the breaking up of a satellite, shattered to atoms under the stress of gravity exercised by the planet. The particles are said to be in constant

collision, those of the outer rings being consequently ejected into space, and those of the inner rings falling in upon Saturn. "The rings," continues Mr. Scriven Bolton, "are devoid of an atmosphere, since the surface gravity of the particles is insufficient to retain such gases, and disintegration by meteoric impact is thus rendered all the more certain. . . . Disruption by both internal and external forces has at length reached a stage to be telescopically manifested." It was recently announced that the end of October would provide an excellent opportunity for comparing Saturn and Mercury, situated near each other in the east-by-south sky in the early morning.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

Slugs and Snails and — Pearls: "The Sea-Drowned."

"THE SEA GYPSIES OF MALAYA." By WALTER GRAINGE WHITE.*

MANY generations ago, the forefathers of the Mawken dwelt peacefully upon the mainland of Burma-Malaya, a contented people, decently housed and cultivating the soil. Then came on-rushing, battering waves of T'now warriors, sweeping them to the coast and compelling their migration to the inviting islands of the Mergui Archipelago. There, in due time, their plantations of coconuts, bananas, bread-fruit, and pine-apples tempted the Cap'en Hooks of the Batuk, who raided piratically from the south, plundering and destroying and carrying into slavery.

The Mawken had to act or be exterminated. They found their "last trench" on the face of the waters. "It became necessary to build ships so that they might take to the sea and flee from danger. The *habang* was built and used. During the rough weather of the south-west monsoon there was some

the children, together with the pitching motion of the *habang*, gives to the Mawken men a strange gait ashore. We are familiar with the rolling gait of our Jack-tars, due to the rolling of their vessels at sea. The *habang* are too shallow to roll, and they make up for it in pitching. When ashore the Mawken men walk with the body lurched forward from the waist. The effect is striking, though scarcely graceful."

For their discomforts, the Mawken have to work. Their labours are varied and peculiar.

"The Mawken used to do all the diving there was for the pearl oyster. Even if the oyster contained no pearl, and not even a blister, the shells, being of the same stuff as that of which pearls are made (hence the name, 'mother-of-pearl'), were of value, as they are to-day. Some of these shells when cleaned and reduced to the limits of true mother-of-pearl, measure ten inches across and eight inches

deep. . . . Besides these shells, the Mawken dive for the sea-snails, of which there are two varieties, called by them *ochan* and *ochau*. These shells also are of mother-of-pearl, and are used for the manufacture of pearl buttons.

"Most of the shallow-diving areas are outfished as regards the oysters, and the deep diving is done by Filipinos, who go down in diving-suits."

The Mawken themselves dive naked and feet first, the sooner to walk the ocean bed, although crocodiles must be avoided and look-out kept for sharks. They do not like the artificial aid, and so have lost their principal means of livelihood. That is an infinite pity, for none

could be more skilled in the water. "Deep diving needs long training and constant practice. Any one who has not done deep diving for some years must be prepared to suffer from severe bleeding of the ears and nose. Nbai jumped over the side of the launch and dived in the usual way. Then he did various tricks. Standing upright and treading water, he changed the movement of hands and feet; making a kind of corkscrew motion with both (the clear water enabled me to see both hands and feet), he wormed his way down to the floor of the sea. . . . It was the first time I had seen anyone go down in deep water feet first."

Under Government licence, the Mawken also collect edible bird's-nests. "The nests are made by a species of swift, which may be seen skimming over the sea, the rocks and the islands. The shape of the nests is similar to that of the English swallows, like the half of a shallow cup, and it is affixed to rocks, on the sides of the caves, which are existent in some of the islands, or it may be found on the face of a cliff. The Mawken are agile, and are clever in scaling the rocks, or in lowering themselves down the face of the cliff. They collect the nests in which no eggs have been laid. For the information of those who may not happen to know, it should be mentioned that the nests are composed of a species of seaweed which has undergone a process of semi-digestion in the swift's mouth. There is a ready market for the nests in China, and in the Chinese colonies of Burma-Malaya and the Straits Settlements." They are



FOR THE RARE PERIODS OF LAND-DWELLING: "KENNELS ON STILTS"—MAWKEN WINTER QUARTERS AT VICTORIA POINT.

respite. In the fine, calm weather they were molested again. At last they decided that, during the fine weather at least, they must live in their ships and get them away at the approach of any other boat. These ships were fitted up as homes, and in them the people lived. . . . Most of them became so used to life aboard ship that they gave up building 'houses' on the islands, and they lived—as most of them do live to-day—the roving life of Gypsies of the Sea."

Their name fits them well. It is derived from the coalescing of two words, meaning "drown" and "salt water": Maw-Ken—"The Sea-Drowned."

One of their floating undesirable residences is illustrated on this page. It is a frail affair of scooped-out tree-trunk hull, built up with palm-stems, the joints "caulked" with a resinous matter from the trees of the jungle; split-bamboo deck, with lashings of tree-bark; a baling-hole; a palm-leaf sail in sections; grass ropes; a roof of palm-leaves stitched together with grass; mats that serve as chairs by day and beds by night; and a very necessary hearth: "earth is spread on the deck to prevent the deck itself from catching fire, and three large stones, arranged as a tripod, form the fire-place. Here, in an earthen pot, or in an iron one obtained by barter, the morning and evening meals are cooked."

In such a craft—perhaps twenty-five feet long—a family averaging seven will live; if all cannot find room beneath the roof, "the children will lie about anywhere on the uneven decks. When there is wind and rain the entire family must rouse itself and remain sitting up if it would avoid sleeping in a shower-bath."

A result of their sea-roving—and of their baby-carrying—is seen when they walk on land: "Mawken women carry their children either in a sling, or on the left side, suspended from the right shoulder, or astride the back. The latter way is customary amongst the men, who, like the males of all the Eastern races I have known, take pleasure in their children. This habit of carrying



SHOWING THEIR ONLY SHELTER—THE "ROOF" OF PALM-LEAVES: SEA GYPSIES IN THEIR FLOATING HOME.

Photographs Reproduced from "The Sea Gypsies of Malaya," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

"Fishing" for sea-slugs is another industry. Mr. White says of it: "I have been shown three species of these slugs. One is grey, the other is the colour of sand, and the third is indifferent. The slugs are from seven to nine inches in length, and are raked up from the sand-banks, in which they half bury themselves, leaving part of the body protruding. This is why it is easy to rake them out. The slugs are spread on the sands and thoroughly sun-dried, and are then disposed of for the Chinese market." The Chinaman turns them into a much-relished broth.

transformed into broth. The reward of labour is not always what it should be—or was not. In 1911, Mr. White noted in his diary, referring to certain Chinese and Malay traders: "These men live amongst the islands and compel the Mawken to work for them. The Mawken say they threaten to kill them if they decline. They make them take part of their pay in opium. . . . They get their opium from Bokpyin. The Mawken say that they do not want to become opium consumers. It weakens them and makes them poor, and miserable in mind (*chaka*). Being induced and forced to take opium, they must have it or they will die. The Chinamen tell them this . . . they will die. And as leaving it off is a painful process, they take the bad feelings as a sign of approaching death." He adds: "The Mawken addicted to the drug become virtually the slaves of the traders, who alone can supply it. And these traders, besides underpaying the Mawken for their shells, slugs, nests, etc., dole out the opium wage at an exorbitant charge." As a particular result, in one case, the Mawken got rid of their goods at rates from ten to sixteen thousand per cent. below those they should have received!

Little wonder it is recorded: "The Sea Gypsies, taking them as a race, regard us and all other peoples with fear. They have suffered at the hands of all." Many of those who have dealt with them have been akin to certain Burmese robbers of old: "In the early days of the Burma Railway passengers were warned not to hang their hands out of the carriage windows. Incidents had occurred of passengers hanging out their hands, on which rings were worn, and as the train moved out of a station, leaving the usual crowd of sightseers behind, a *dah* would flash, and such passengers would depart minus hand and rings."

Mr. White was concerned with them very differently, and he gained their confidence. The result is a notably valuable record of their strange nomadic life, their language, their medicine and their magic, their "arts" and "sciences," their births, marriages, and deaths, their work and play, and of the powers that are latent in them, powers which must be developed at once if another race is not to be ranked with the Mohicans and the dodo.

E. H. G.

* "The Sea Gypsies of Malaya: An Account of the Nomadic Mawken People of the Mergui Archipelago, with a Description of their Ways of Living, Customs, Habits, Boats, Occupations, etc., etc." By Walter Grainge White, F.R.G.S., Member of the Oxford University Anthropological Society. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd.; 21s. net).



AS A CHIEF SCOUT: THE PRINCE OF WALES, RECENTLY WELCOMED IN THE CITY.

The Boy Scout movement, which, founded by General Baden-Powell in 1908, now numbers over 350,000 members, has no keener supporter than the Prince of Wales. When he attended the great Scout Rally at Alexandra Palace on October 7, in his uniform as Chief Scout for Wales, he said to the assembled thousands: "On my travels during the last three years I have seen your brother Scouts in most parts of

the world. . . . You are members of a very big and jolly brotherhood. . . . You are carrying out your motto, 'Be prepared'—to be good, useful citizens for your country and for that greater brotherhood of free nations which forms the British Empire." The Prince visited the Guildhall on October 20 to receive the congratulations of the City on his return from the East.

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.



"A CHECK WITH THE BLUE AND BUFF": THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S, WITH WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL HUNT.

The Prince of Wales recently took Easton Grey House, near Malmesbury, Wiltshire, for six months, with a view to hunting fairly regularly this season with the Duke of Beaufort's famous pack, at Edminton, his Gloucestershire seat. The Prince was out cubbing with them last month. In the left foreground of our picture is the Duke's only son, the Marquess of Worcester, who is the M.F.H. He holds a commission in the Royal Horse Guards. It will be noted that the

colours of the Hunt are blue and buff, instead of the ordinary pink, and the cut of the Master's coat is likewise distinctive. The Hunt servants wear green, as shown by the figure of the Huntsman, Tom Newman, in the right foreground. On the extreme left, behind the Marquess, is Farmer Barker. The Hunt's territory is known as "the wall country," and a typical wall is seen in the middle distance.

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THE SINGLE "RED LEG" WHICH GETS KILLED: A "FRENCHMAN."

In these days of driving partridges to the guns instead of shooting them over dogs, the red-legged partridge, or "Frenchman," as he is generally called, is by no means an unwelcome addition to the bag. And as he is more inclined to come alone, instead of in a screaming and jinking covey or pack, as do the English partridges, he generally pays the penalty; especially as he is a larger bird, and flies slower

and straighter to the guns than do the "grey birds." It is always easier to kill a single bird than to pick a brace out of a covey, and perhaps the only reason why red legs are not altogether exterminated where much driving is done, is that they not infrequently mix with the coveys and packs of grey birds, and so stand a chance of passing through the valley of death unscathed.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IN table-talk, anecdotes, even of the best, soon pall; but in books of reminiscences one can go on from story to story without fatigue. Good anecdote is, in fact, the cream of the correspondence, and when I light on a racy *raconteur* with the pen, I can read him to his last line without boredom, no matter how often he digresses with "That reminds me." It is one of the cases where the written has the advantage of the spoken word.

To have a great flow of stories ready on the tongue does not put a man in the first rank of conversationalists, but when anyone sits down to write "My Memoirs," "Forty Years Back," or the like, we think we have a right to expect plenty of amusing anecdote from which we can convey plums to enrich our own *répertoire*. The judiciously chosen and well-told anecdote spoils no man's reputation as a talker: even the most fastidious sticklers for the conversation of "ideas" will put up with a story or two in reason and in season. A good stock is therefore an essential weapon in our social armoury, and we owe much to those reminiscent writers who keep us so well supplied. Some great talkers, it is whispered, religiously dip into books of that kind before going out to dine, but they do not score so heavily as those who trust their memory to supply the right thing at the right moment. The former run the same risk of missing fire as those wits of Byron's satire who prepare the *bon mot* carefully and watch for a chance to get it off—

A moment's good thing may have cost them years,
Before they find an hour to introduce it;
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them
lose it.

The anecdote may be suspect; but at the worst it is better than statistics. At a country house I once met a dear old gentleman who made it a rule to read a few pages of "Whitaker's Almanac" every evening before dinner, in order always to have something interesting to say. He certainly did not fail to amuse the company, but the fun lay in watching for the introduction of "To-night's Great Thought," the source of which had somehow become known. He deserved credit, at any rate, for the ingenuity with which, against the most desperate odds of conversation, he managed to lead up to and twist in his precious morsels of fact. But even the mildest story would have been more welcome.

For the light and entertaining book of reminiscences few can beat the old soldier who sits down in the evening of his days to recall the scenes and the people he has known. To be interesting it is not necessary that the veteran, when he shoulders his crutch, should show how fields were won on the grand scale. Colonel J. S. E. Western, for example, points out in his "REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN CAVALRY OFFICER" (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), that, although he was born during the troublous times of the Indian Mutiny in the centre of disturbances, and although Mars should have been in the ascendant in his horoscope, he "never managed to fluke into a really big fight." He notes also that "until the War took place, the lot of the Indian Army Officer generally debarred him from participation in such conflicts." But minor Frontier affairs, sport, Society at home and in India, regimental humours, and the idiosyncrasies of the native have given Colonel Western material for a perfectly delightful volume, written in that plain, straightforward, and always agreeable style which comes naturally to old campaigners. He appeals to me none the less that few of his quotations are correct and his Latin is worthy of Smith Minor. I find such books irresistible, and in that I am not singular. For an autumn evening at the fire-side there could be no pleasanter companion than

Colonel Western. His story is the essence of good talk transferred easily and cleanly to paper.

He has a sly and appreciative eye for the humours of the subaltern. One of his best stories is about a bumptious youngster who at a Royal Review was overheard saying to a Lady-in-Waiting, "This is my regiment." The same evening, on entering the mess-room, Colonel Western

found our young gentleman busily at work with a pen and a copybook under the attentive tutelage of his brother subalterns... he was industriously copying in nice round hand the words: "The — is the regiment to which I have the honour to belong."

Could there be a better epitome of *esprit de corps* and the minor tactics of mess-room discipline? The little story goes a long way to explain just how the

Colonel Westerns of this world are made and how they come to write such modest, kindly, sportsman-like books as this. Space permits me to quote only one more of Colonel Western's good things. On his honeymoon he visited the Taj



SEEN AT THE COLISEUM
IN "VENISE": Mlle.
LECONTE.



TO APPEAR IN "TARTUFFE"
SCENES: MME.
LOUISE SILVAIN.



DOYEN OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: M. SILVAIN, TO APPEAR
IN "TARTUFFE."

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE SEASON IN LONDON.

A distinguished company from the Comédie Française, headed by Mlle. Marie Leconte, arranged to arrive in London on the 21st and to open a four weeks' season at the Coliseum on the 23rd, with Mlle. Leconte in the leading rôle of "Venise," a one-act play, by Robert de Flers, author of "The Return." On October 30, M. Edouard de Max will appear in scenes from Act III. of "Hamlet." In the third week, beginning November 6, M. Georges Berr will



TO APPEAR IN "GRINGOIRE"
AT THE COLISEUM: M. GEORGES
BERR.



TO APPEAR AT THE COLISEUM
IN SCENES FROM "HAMLET":
M. EDOUARD DE MAX.

be seen in "Gringoire," by Théodore de Banville; and in the fourth week (from November 13), M. Silvain, the doyen of the Comédie Française, will appear with his wife, Mme. Louise Silvain, in two acts from Molière's "Tartuffe."

Photographs Nos. 2, 4, 5, by Gilbert Rend.

Mahal, and among his attendants was a strange old Shekarri, Hakabak, whom Mrs. Western noticed gazing with peculiar interest at the dome of the most beautiful tomb in the world—

She nudged me and whispered, "Look at old Hakabak; natives do sometimes admire lovely things. See how absorbed he is looking at this exquisite place." After a short time Hakabak sidled up, and breaking into the conversation with a conciliatory grin, said, "Sahib, there is a pigeon on the building, and it is within range."

Another mine of first-rate anecdote has already had formal notice here, but I have just been dipping into it again with renewed pleasure. I had been reminded of it by the frequent recurrence of one name in several recent memoirs, for no book about the upper Bohemia of London seems to be complete nowadays without its anecdote or series of anecdotes about the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Apart from the authorised "Life" of the actor, the most complete set of Arboriana is to be found in Major

Fitzroy Gardner's "Days and Ways of an Old Bohemian," published by Mr. Murray. It is a book one can most heartily recommend.

As Tree's manager and friend, Major Gardner came to know his man and understand his peculiar humour as few did. "Tree's sense of humour," he says, "was a thing of its own; I never met anything quite like it." People who did not understand him thoroughly sometimes missed the point of his irony and took his jokes for earnest. And sometimes it was difficult to know whether he was consciously or unconsciously humorous. Major Gardner gives several good examples of this, but one of the oddest and most equivocal has never yet appeared in print. It is known, I believe, only to a friend of mine and myself, and we have hitherto kept it to ourselves. We are agreed about the kind of humour it represents. Others may differ, so it had better be told at last.

My friend happened to call on Tree during an *entr'acte* of "Twelfth Night" and was received by Malvolio in character. By way of greeting, Tree, still deep in his part, waved his hand airily at space, and said in a detached and far-away tone: "Fine playwright, Shakespeare."

A far weightier book, but still relieved with many lighter anecdotal touches, is especially appropriate to the present moment of political crisis, but would make interesting reading at any time. This is "THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF SIR ALGERNON WEST," edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson (Murray; 18s.). The Diary covers the years of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration, and in the events recorded, Sir Algernon, as Mr. Gladstone's confidential adviser, played a large part behind the scenes. Day by day he set down in his diary the little intimacies that mean so much in after-years. The entry for March 4, 1894, at the moment of Mr. Gladstone's resignation, provides a rather poignant comment and sidelight on a matter long familiar, the attitude of Queen Victoria to the great Liberal statesman—

I came down early to Downing Street and found Mr. Gladstone had had a letter from the Queen, which he gave me to read; a statement to the effect that she had already accepted his resignation (to which Mr. Gladstone demurred) and saying he was quite right to go and save his eyes; she hoped he would with Mrs. Gladstone have many years of enjoyment of life. She added that she would have been very glad to have offered him a Peerage had she not been sure he would have refused it. "And this," said Mr. Gladstone with a sigh, "is the only record that will remain of fifty-one years as Privy Councillor."

Sir Algernon has left an intimate and very vivid account of Mr. Gladstone's cruise as Sir Donald Currie's guest on board the *Tantallon Castle*. The occasion was the opening of the Kiel Canal. We get a glimpse of the Kaiser, standing alone on the high bridge of the *Hohenzollern*. He wore a white uniform, and a helmet with a golden eagle. It seemed to the diarist "not theatrical, but a picture of the true magnificence of human power." At Gothenburg the ship's company heard that Lord Rosebery's Government had been defeated—

"Now we shall have resignations and a dissolution," said Mrs. Pease. "You have a very nimble mind," said Mr. Gladstone; and she proved her nimbleness, for at Gravesend came the fulfilment of her prophecy, and Lord Rosebery, who, as Haldane said, wished to be as Pitt, ended by being a Goderich, and the Rosebery Government came to an end.

In his unstudied vignettes of the notable men and women of his time in his record of great events, Sir Algernon has left valuable material for history. He has the inevitable fascination of the diarist, and, although far less voluminous, will have his place beside Gréville. But he never bites. He has been called, and with truth, "a Gréville with a warmer heart." This is the book for to-day and to-morrow.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

THEATRE PROSPERITY.—THE "UNFINISHED BARRIE."—ENGLISH ACTING.

THE theatre often reminds me of the Stock Exchange. One bright day in the City people say, for no particular reason, "There will be a rise," and prices in all directions soar and soar; one bleak day, with no more black clouds than usual at the political horizon, the cry is, "Things are off," and down they go much faster than they climbed, until, as unexpectedly and again beyond explanation, the turn of the tide sweeps in, and the ferry-game to the better side begins anew.

Everybody remembers what happened in the beginning of this year after the unprecedented prosperity of theatre-land in 1920-21, the time when people rushed to libraries and almost prayed for two seats anywhere in any position. When slump and wail came, so that last spring plays blossomed and died as swiftly as frost-bitten burgeons, explanations were sought in the six-shilling income-tax (a fact discounted long since by the nation) and, more logically, in the bad plays which since the war days, when we were none too particular and criticism was super-indulgent, increased in alarming numbers. A third explanation was the high prices of the better seats, in some cases increased by 100 per cent.; but that was also a fallacious argument, for at least one manager readily obtained his guinea per stall, because in a big City like London there are always people who are glad to pay for the thing which is dear.

Now, the curious thing is that what occurred in London and the provinces had an exact replica in all the countries of the Entente and the neutrals, whereas in Germany and Austria, despite enormous inflation of prices, the theatres were packed. In Paris especially, and in Belgium and in Holland, things were so unsatisfactory that the authorities were appealed to to increase the subsidies or lower the rents of the municipal theatres. There it was not a case of bad plays, but of real want of money; and when a Continental utters that plaint there is cause for it; while of our less thrifty people it may be said, in the words of the French adage, "When there is no more there is yet always plenty to spare." While our legitimate theatres were empty, the Co-Optimists played to overflow; at Daly's, "house full" was the order of the day; and in a revue, unless it was very meretricious, the two ends were ever meeting. It was a maze of anomalies.

Then came the autumn of this year, and we hear on all sides that the theatres are doing uncommonly well, although there has been war in the air—so well that there is literally a scramble to get a lease, and terms are no object. And this is not only so in London; we hear it from Paris, from everywhere across the Channel; and surely we over here could not honestly aver that the plays that bloom this autumn are so much better than those which froze in the spring. There must be some hidden cause more cogent than quality, than money, than action and reaction, and all the rest of the arguments which filled columns of cogitation (and little thought) when things looked black. The present renaissance, in my humble opinion, is due to the change that has taken place nearly all the world over now that the war dogs begin to recede into oblivion. Our minds, which had grown realistic while beset with the hard facts of life, have returned to their innate nature. We are sick of hectoring; we seek relaxation. We are returning to romance, because the romantic makes life worth living. The whole drift of the drama is towards romance, whether you call it tragedy or operette.

The unexpected again. A few days ago I went to see "Shall We Join the Ladies?" by Sir James

Barrie, and "Loyalties," Galsworthy's great play, and carried away many impressions and two convictions. The first of the latter was an entirely revised consideration of that much-discussed and little-understood first act of the "unfinished Barrie"! Frankly, I had seen it twice before, and not only did it puzzle me, but I failed to see the point. It may have been my own denseness; it may have been that there was so much crammed into the short compass of the act that, like the purblind man, we beheld so many trees that we failed to detect the wood. This fragment of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is not one situation nor one climax; it is a nucleus of occurrences and emotions not always developed, but

accordance with the character of all the fourteen (the policeman does not count) people from whom old Sam Smith, the host, wishes to elicit who killed his brother. Barrie shows us exactly how conscience functions in all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the hysterical and emotional to the stoic and phlegmatic. Thus the fragment becomes a human document of value, and one which proves the unlimited possibilities of dramatic expression.

The second conviction, which forced itself upon me when I saw "Loyalties" (of which, by this time, every phase is grafted on my mind), is the superb quality of English acting when actors of gift and intelligence are marshalled by a discriminating producer. It is here that the unexpected came in, for, as I sat down to write about the Barrie act, my eye fell on a pronouncement by one of our younger and most candid critics. He indicted in a lecture to Gallery First Nighters the "dreadful acting we sometimes applaud," and said that he wondered whether our public knew what acting really was. Well, it sounds hard, and he may be right, as Mr. H. A. Jones, our esteemed veteran dramatist, was when he on his part added that there was much amateurism on the stage. But what I failed to find in the report of my confrère's "J'accuse" was the counter-weight that establishes the balance of the scales. I contend that nowadays bad acting is the exception and not the rule, and I hold that nowhere—you may call it France, Germany, Holland, Italy, to take the four countries of Continental Europe where nowadays the best acting is to be seen—could a finer *ensemble* be found than—just to take an example—the

Club scene in "Loyalties." Here are five men, Messrs. Ben Field, Dawson Millward, Austin Trevor, Eric Maturin, and last but not least, Ernest Milton, vitalising a slice of English life—the honour of people versus the prestige of the Club. These men represent all the shades of so-called "Society": the lord, the soldier, the man-about-town, the upstart, the *déclassé*—I find no English equivalent to crystallise the exact meaning.

Now, I defy anybody familiar with Society, club-life, committees and generally that atmosphere which I would call *Tone*, to aver that this is not life itself beyond all suspicion of acting; and I could add in the same breath that the lawyer's office, with Mr. J. H. Roberts, Mr. Clifford Mollison, etc., is not only a reproduction of Lincoln's Inn life, but the thing itself as we may have all experienced it in conference with lawyers. Nor is this veracity of acting confined to the St. Martin's Theatre. Had I time and space to expand I could name six or more theatres in London (and one in Birmingham) where, at any rate in modern plays, this high-water mark is reached in the work of the actor.

The same does not apply to actresses—nor to both when they essay costume, classic and verse. Indeed, I would desire to reform the whole spirit of our so-called classic performances, humanise them, as it were. But that is another story—and about the inferiority of our women as compared to the men we are all agreed.

But "dreadful" is a harsh and exaggerated word, and my young colleague would not have used it had he endured our sufferings of the 'Eighties. If "dreadful" were the right adjective for to-day, heaven help us to find in "Chambers" the right term for many of the performances of the late Victorian Era!



THE RETURN OF THE SWEDISH BALLET TO LONDON AFTER TWO YEARS: AN ITEM IN THEIR NEW PROGRAMME.—[Photograph by Isabey (Paris)].

indicated by the emotional attitude of the characters. Lest this sound cryptic, let me put it concretely. Unless I misread Sir James Barrie (and if I do he must forgive me for one fault of projection), he wishes us to look upon the episode not merely as a dramatic incident, but as a real commonplace of life: when many people are assembled round a table—in fact, anywhere—and somebody discomforts that assembly by the narrative of a gruesome deed



THE SWEDISH BALLET'S SEASON AT THE COURT THEATRE: DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF CHOPIN.

The Swedish Ballet, which proved so popular at the Palace Theatre two years ago, arranged to open a month's season at the Court Theatre on October 23. The first week's programme was divided into four parts: (1) Dances from Chopin; (2) "El Greco," one of the Palace successes; (3) *Divertissements*; and (4) "The Toy Box," a ballet by Claude Debussy, completed after his death by André Hellé. It has never before been seen in this country, but has been very successful on the Continent. Among other pieces to be given later is "The Foolish Virgins." The Swedish Ballet consists of 35 dancers, the most famous being Carina Ari, Yolanda Figoni, and Jean Borlin, who is the producer as well as *premier danseur*.

Photograph by Isabey (Paris).

attributable to one of those present, every one of those persons will introspect and become disturbed by the pricking of conscience; which proves that there is a skeleton in every human cupboard—that we are sinners all. Having grasped that, which I admit on my part meant three visits to the play, it becomes a wonderful study of mentalities expressed not only by attitudes—that is, pictorially—but in

A NEW ERA IN ROUMANIA: THE CORONATION PAGEANTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE AND C.N.



WEARING HER CROWN MADE OF TRANSYLVANIAN GOLD: QUEEN MARIE.



AFTER PUTTING ON HIS OWN CROWN: KING FERDINAND PLACING THE QUEEN'S CROWN ON HER HEAD.



WEARING HIS CROWN MADE FROM CAPTURED TURKISH GUNS: KING FERDINAND.



WATCHING THE PAGEANT AFTER THE STATE ENTRY INTO BUCHAREST: THE DUKE OF GENOA (EXTREME LEFT), THE QUEEN OF YUGO-SLAVIA (FOURTH FROM LEFT), THE QUEEN OF GREECE (FIFTH), AND THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA (SIXTH).



IN THE UNIFORM OF A WING-COMMANDER, R.A.F.: THE DUKE OF YORK AT A REVIEW.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACT OF CORONATION: GENERALS ROBING THE KING AND QUEEN.



RIDING HER FAVOURITE CHARGER, ON WHICH SHE LED A MARCH-PAST: QUEEN MARIE.

In our last issue we illustrated the cathedral specially built at Alba Julia, in Transylvania, for the Roumanian Coronation, together with the Queen's crown and some of the royal robes. Here we give photographs of the actual ceremonies. The Coronation itself took place on October 15. The two crowns were presented by the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, and the Coronation robes were placed about the shoulders of the King and Queen by four generals of the Roumanian Army. King Ferdinand received his own crown, which was of iron cast from Turkish guns captured at Plevna, and placed

it on his own head. He then crowned the Queen, who knelt before him on a cushion. There was a brilliant gathering. Great Britain was represented by the Duke of York, France by Marshal Foch and General Weygand, and Italy by the Duke of Genoa. The same night the whole assembly which saw the Coronation travelled by train to Bucharest, and the next morning there was a Royal Procession into the city, headed by King Ferdinand on horseback. Later, the royal party watched a pageant representing the history of Roumania from Roman times to the present day.

A BLACK FOREST ON THE SEA: A REMARKABLE



AN EFFECTIVE CHECK TO VISIBILITY: A SMOKE-SCREEN PUT UP BY A BRITISH DESTROYER

In our issue of September 16 we gave a photograph called "The Smoke-Screen," by Engineer-Commander E. J. Mowlam, exhibited at the London Salon of Photography, and showing the deck of a war-ship with the smoke of a "screen" issuing from her funnels. That photograph met the eye of another Naval officer serving with the Mediterranean Fleet, Engineer-Lieutenant Ernest E. Sowter, of H.M.S. "Sparrowhawk," one of the destroyers of the

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NAVAL SMOKE-SCREEN.



IN THE SEA OF MARMORA, SHOWING ANOTHER DESTROYER JUST PASSED THROUGH IT.

7th Flotilla, and he has sent us the photograph reproduced here on an enlarged scale. It gives an even more striking view of a smoke-screen as it rests on the water, like a forest of black cloud. The smoke-screen was put up by the "Sparrowhawk" in the Sea of Marmora. In the background is seen another destroyer, H.M.S. "Sportive," which has just passed through the smoke-screen after a practice "attack."

NEEDING WATER EVERY HOUR: "THE ALMOST AMPHIBIOUS" EL MOLO.

"THE El Molo," writes a British officer stationed in Kenya Colony, East Africa, "are a small and little-known tribe, dwelling on islands close to the east shore of Lake Rudolf. The first white man to see them was Count Teleki, who found them in 1888 in considerable numbers on his journey up the Lake ('Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie'). They are also referred to by Neumann, the elephant-hunter, who visited this country shortly afterwards. Since then the fall of the level of the lake has caused most of their islands to become part of the mainland, with the result that, exposed to the attacks of more powerful tribes, they have been almost wiped out. Stigand, writing in 1910, speaks of them as no longer existing, but they are still found on two small sandbanks in the vicinity of Mount Kulal. The name 'El Molo' is stated by Teleki to be derived from Galla and to mean 'Poor Devil.' Although the El Molo do not take kindly to this derivation, an unprejudiced observer would say it suited them well. They are now a community of about seventy souls under the leadership of a blind chief by name 'Albertai.' They construct

(Continued opposite.)



WITH LIPS SWOLLEN AND BLEEDING FROM GOING AN HOUR WITHOUT WATER: AN EL MOLO MAN.

(Continued)

the poorest type of shelter from leaves of the Dom Palm, and are always exposed to the tearing wind and blazing sun of the inhospitable Rudolf area. The same tree provides timber for the rough rafts on which their very existence depends. Their sole food is fish, which they occasionally spear, but more often catch in coarse-meshed fibre nets: their only drink is the vile soda-impregnated water of the lake. Perhaps as the result of an unvaried fish diet, but more probably owing to in-breeding, the shin-bones of many of the tribe show the strange malformations which can be seen in the accompanying illustrations. The El Molo are almost amphibious, and are apparently unable to go for more than an hour without water, for after that time their lips swell up and start bleeding. They have their own language, which is Hamitic in origin, but they all talk Sumburr, a Nilotic language almost the same as Masai. The old men told me with great regret that the rising generation declined to learn the tribal language, and considered Sumburr sufficient." We give below a comment on the subject, by Mr. W. P. Pycraft.



PUNTING ONE OF THE ROUGH RAFTS OF DOM PALM ON WHICH THEIR EXISTENCE (AS FISH-EATERS) DEPENDS: EL MOLO MEN ON A LAKE



MAKING FISHING-NETS FROM FIBRE OF THE DOM PALM: TWO OLD MEN OF THE EL MOLO TRIBE, BELIEVED TO BE DYING OUT THROUGH THE DRYING UP OF A LAKE.



WITH A HUNTING KNIFE (GIVEN BY A BRITISH OFFICER) AS A SPEAR-POINT: ALBERTAI, THE OLD BLIND CHIEF.



SHOWING MALFORMATION OF THE SHIN BONE, ASCRIBED TO DRINKING ALKALINE WATER: AN EL MOLO YOUTH.



WITH MALFORMATIONS OF THE LEGS SAID TO BE DUE TO THE WATER THEY DRINK: EL MOLO YOUTHS.

The above remarkably interesting account of the El Molo tribe was submitted to Mr. W. P. Pycraft, who is in charge of the Physical Anthropology Department at the British Museum of Natural History, South Kensington. Commenting on it, he writes: "Neumann found them a sturdy race. It did not seem to occur to him that they were in any danger of extinction. But both may be right." A few years makes a lot of difference in the case of a small tribe such as the El Molo. A very slight change in the environment may be followed by disaster. The water of Lake Rudolf is not only salt but alkaline. . . . It may well be, however, that the quality of the water has since materially changed. You will

note that the lake has so shrunk that the islands on which these people live are no longer islands. This would, of course, have the effect of increasing both the salinity and alkalinity of the water, so that it now has a more injurious effect upon all who drink it. This much is shown by the cracking and bleeding of the lips. The further injury it is causing is shown by the malformation of the legs seen in one of the photographs. In Neumann's time these people lived, as now, almost entirely on fish, varied with an occasional hippo. But they were a robust people. We may apparently conclude, then, that they are now doomed to extinction by the physical change in their environment."

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 15

"POOSIE NANSIE'S":—The old historical resort of vagrants; has been described as 'a howf of gangrel bodies.' It is said that in the ancient bar parlour Burns first recited his poem, 'The Jolly Beggars.'

Johnnie Walker: "Which is your favourite quotation from your works, Robert?"

Shade of Robert Burns: "That which America has discovered the truth of, 'Freedom and Whisky gang thegither'."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE QUEEN, Queen Alexandra, and Queen Maud of Norway are all at Sandringham, where the weather has been lovely and the change of the leaf beautiful to see. Queen Maud is at her own house, Appleton, where she will make a considerable stay, and, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Christmas, be joined by King Haakon and Prince Olaf. Queen Alexandra has lost a valued link with her happier life by the death of Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson, who has been in Royal Households for thirty-five years and in Queen Alexandra's own entourage for over twenty. Her Majesty misses her old friends greatly, and never far from her is the oldest of all, General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who was Equerry to King Edward as Prince of Wales fifty years ago, and has been in Queen Alexandra's Household since his late Majesty's death. Sir Dighton saved Queen Alexandra's life in a riding accident many years ago, and has ever since been her faithful and devoted friend and servant. Sir Dighton's wife died in 1900, and he has never remarried. On his mother's side he is of Ulster blood, for she was Miss Alicia Macnaghten, one of the daughters of Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten, of Dundarane, County Antrim, ancestor of Lord Macnaghten. Sir Dighton, although in his ninetieth year, joins in Queen Alexandra's life and pleasures with great interest.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles have paid a visit to Sandringham, where her Royal Highness had not been since her marriage, and where she and her husband were accorded a hearty welcome. The Prince of Wales will soon begin hunting in earnest. He has had some good cubbing with the Beaufort, hunted by the young Master, Lord Worcester, who has been well trained for his work, having started as the youngest Master of Harriers in England, as he is now probably the youngest Master of a famous fox hunt while in his twenty-third year. He has the advantage of his father's experience, for the Duke goes out in a two-seater car which seems able to get over most kinds of obstacles. The Duchess of Beaufort and her two daughters, the Countess of St. Germans and Lady Diana Somerset, have also enjoyed cubbing on glorious autumn mornings. Now the opening of the serious season's sport is at hand.

The Arms of the Woman will be a feature in Fashion's programme. Originality in the matter of sleeves will gain good marks from the dictatorial dame this season. The longer the arm the greater the field of operation. While not agreeing with Mrs. Pym, in "Mr. Pym Passes By," that Jacko was admirable because he had such long arms, it is possible to sympathise with a dress-designer who wants to get as many slashings as possible in a sleeve and has clients with short arms. The obvious way out is slashing the sleeves up and down, not round and round. Also it is the most becoming way. One must be from shoulder to elbow, the other from elbow to wrist. Otherwise there will be a creasing and a crushing that would be "unbecoming a young woman." The slashing of sleeves is the reintroduction of an old mode that is really very effective. I am not sure that it was not first introduced by mankind in the days when he was more concerned with fashions than we were and was of the more ornamental sex.

I do not know how many of my sex aspire to join Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham in the seats of the legislators, but I imagine it is about a score. Brave ladies these, for they will have to be good listeners, and our sex prefer to be talkers; also they will be open to the snappings of the spiteful, in print and out. I read a paragraph about our only "Nancy," Viscountess Astor, last week over which, if she saw it—and has, as I believe she has, a sense of humour—she must have laughed heartily. It was levelled at her advocacy of Prohibition, or a thin end of the wedge of that measure, and finished up by calling her waspish and saying she had a bee in her bonnet—very mixed metaphors. I like not Prohibition, but I admire a woman who has principle and sticks to it. In these take-it-easy days we want folk like that.

The Prince of Wales expressed his intention of attending the ball which the Countess of Pembroke is giving this week, on the 27th, at Wilton House, near Salisbury, for the début of her only daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, who is nearing the end of her eighteenth year, and is, as might be expected from the daughter of such handsome parents, very good to look at and also very personally charming. Lady Patricia has three brothers; the eldest, Lord Herbert, is sixteen. The Duchess of Hamilton, whose eldest daughter, Lady Jean, was a débutante of last year, will take a party of young people from

be eighteen in January. The ball is greatly looked forward to, as Lord and Lady Pembroke are most popular. Wilton House is beautiful within and without, and the occasion of the début of its only daughter is very important.

Every ill seems nowadays to be attributed to nerves. A great doctor told me that they were the most difficult ills of all to deal with, inflicting very real suffering and so intangible as to be hard to treat. A man I know, who says his nerves go all a-jangle when he has to face a strange client, when he has to give an interview, and, above all, when he has to speak in public, always takes a Genasprin tablet. It gives him control, soothes his nervous system, and adds greatly to his power of concentration and clearness of judgment. This sounds easy, and any who have to face any ordeal about which they are timorous may make trial of it without cost by writing to the Genatosan Company, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire, for a free sample and an explanatory booklet. A 2d. stamp and a coupon cut from the advertising columns of our own *Illustrated London News* will secure this free trial. It will prove satisfactory, and therefore a remarkably cheap transaction; for ever after the purchase of a bottle containing thirty-five tablets for 2s. will be a real standby to the nervous. It must be Genasprin; ordinary aspirin is not the same thing. The former is also a preventive of colds, chills, headaches, and the fearful 'flu!

The Queen will be sorry that Countess Fortescue, one of her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting, has met with an accident driving, not behind a motor engine,

but behind a horse. Lady Fortescue, who is a great favourite at Court, has the G.B.E., and is the younger sister of Lord Harlech and aunt to the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, who is looked upon as one of the leading young men of the day. Lady Fortescue's elder sister, the Hon. Lady Egerton, was for a time extra Lady-in-Waiting to Lady Patricia Ramsay before her wedding, and her late husband, Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton, was Controller of the Duke of Connaught's household. Lady Fortescue's elder son, Viscount Ebrington, married Viscount Allendale's daughter, and they have a son, who will be two in December. Lord Fortescue, who was in the accident also, got off more easily than his wife.

The highly sensible fashion of short fur coats is now seriously adopted. For walking it is the only comfortable way to wear fur. Many women declare that walking is now the only way to get about London. Buses are almost as difficult to invade as a lawn-tennis court during a championship; Tubes are little better; taxis are specially trying, as they tick away pennies while held up in blocks; private motor cars also get held up every few minutes in the chief thoroughfares. Even when walking, as Pepys said of old, "down Bond Street," it is necessary

rudely to break up chains of young women linked arm-in-arm in complete possession of the pavement. These democratic days have their drawbacks, and manners are either absent or much amiss. For walking, long fur coats are really the last straw, and the short ones are far smarter.

A. E. L.



A TRIO OF SEASONABLE GARMENTS.

On the extreme left the serviceable yet smart coat and skirt is of russet-brown tweed with a lightly defined green line. The central figure wears a coat of brown velours with a nutria collar. The charm of the mink coat on the right is enhanced by the beauty of its lining of hand-woven brocaded silk in a gorgeous shade of blue shot with green, with a design representing the Russian Ballet. This is specially made by Burberry, who is also responsible for the other garments.

Ferne. One of the number will be her eldest son, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, who will be twenty in February next. There will be a party from Long-leat, including beautiful Lady Mary Thynne, who was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids. The only surviving son of the house, Viscount Weymouth, will

The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 4.*Lady Mary Wortly Montague at The Kitcat Club.*

EACH year this famous old Club held revel and elected some Queen of Beauty to be the subject of gallant toasts and bursts of poesy for the forthcoming year. A pretty incident is told of Lady Mary Wortly Montague's presence at one of these yearly beauty competitions. It was the evening of the election of the year's fair one, and her father the Duke of Kingston boldly wagered little Mary, then eight years old, against all the matured charms that other members could adduce. To prove his choice he instantly sent a chaise to bring her to the meeting. The result was instantaneous. At the sight of her childish beauty she was elected Queen without a dissentient voice. All present rose to drink her health, solemnly kissed her, and feasted her with sweetmeats. They then perpetuated her name on a goblet with a diamond.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

COMPOSERS AS CONDUCTORS.

TO the concert-going public, the notice "Conducted by the composer," or, in the case of songs, "Accompanied by the composer," is generally supposed to be a considerable attraction. One reason for this attraction is mere curiosity. In the case of an unknown man, people want to see what he looks like; whether he is young or old, romantic or the reverse. In the case of a composer who is more or less of a celebrity, the interest in personal appearance naturally counts for a good deal. But there is, in addition, a very general inclination to believe that because a man is himself the composer of a piece of music he is, of necessity, the best interpreter of it. There is, indeed, a sound historical foundation for this belief, because, in times of old, the man who imagined a musical composition was, as a general rule, the performer of it: at any rate, the first performer of it. In ancient days, the man who made a song sang it himself. In our own day, we often see composers as pianists, sometimes as violinists, but rarely as singers. When a new song is brought out, the modern composer is generally "at the pianoforte."

Bach and Handel played their own organ works; Mozart composed pianoforte concertos and played the solo parts himself. But in modern times the various branches of music have become more highly specialised. The violinist or pianist who follows the example of Paganini or Liszt, and composes music to exhibit his own unique technical skill, seldom attains any real distinction as a composer. Saint-Saëns was one of the few exceptions. At the present day it is rare to see a composer play a pianoforte concerto of his own. But it is assumed as a matter of course that every composer is perfectly competent to accompany his own songs, or to

play the pianoforte in his own chamber-music, and equally competent to conduct his own orchestral works. As a matter of actual fact, composers are, for the most part, singularly incompetent both as conductors and as accompanists.

For one thing, modern conducting is a highly specialised technique. It requires a practised supple-

Sometimes they are excitable as well; in such cases the result may be disastrous. It is quite natural that a composer should become excited when he hears his own music played under him for the first time, or even when he has heard it often before; but he is apt to forget that the performance is taking place, not for his excitement, but for that of the audience.

The factor of excitement—which people call the "personal magnetism" of a conductor—is not altogether to be neglected. There are, indeed, cases when it may even compensate for the loss of accuracy in detail. Here we must draw a distinction between orchestral and choral music. An orchestra consists generally of professional players who are playing every evening of their lives. They do not require excitement, and, indeed, it takes a man of quite extraordinary personality to excite them. They need no extra stimulus to give their best; that is part of their professional ability. What they want is a leader who will make things clear to them, will help them to give their best by removing all unnecessary difficulties. They want a man who understands, and who also remembers, when the moment comes, exactly how each instrument plays each phrase, so that by indications of movement perhaps imperceptible to an audience each player may find himself given the chance of playing his phrase in the most expressive way. A chorus is a very different matter. There are fewer individualities to consider. And a chorus, in England, generally consists of amateurs. They have rehearsed for far longer time than the orchestra, but they are not singing different works every

night. A concert for them is not all in the day's work, but is something of an event. Hence to a chorus the presence of a composer at the conductor's desk may be something more than an excitement; it may be an inspiration.

No one who ever sang in a chorus under Hubert Parry could forget the experience. He was a great

(Continued overleaf.)



A TOWN'S NEW CHARTER BROUGHT BY CAR: A ROADSIDE CEREMONY AT WATFORD—MR. DENNIS HERBERT, M.P. (LEFT), HANDING THE DOCUMENT TO THE MAYOR, THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

Watford's new Charter of Incorporation as a municipal borough was brought by road from Whitehall, on October 18, by Mr. Dennis Herbert, M.P. for the Watford Division of Hertfordshire and chairman of the Incorporation Committee. From his car he handed the Charter to the Mayor, the Earl of Clarendon, at the Oxhey Ward boundary. It was then carried in procession through the town and blessed by the Bishop of St. Albans in the market place. Among those present were the Countess of Clarendon and Lord Hampden, Lord Lieutenant of the County. The event was celebrated by a general holiday.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

ness of hand and arm, which must be learnt and kept in training. The man who devotes his main energies to composition has little inducement to devote himself to studies of this kind. Almost all composers who conduct are absurdly wooden in their gestures. For want of practice in the art, they are also careless and indifferent in the indication of detail.

After Sunset

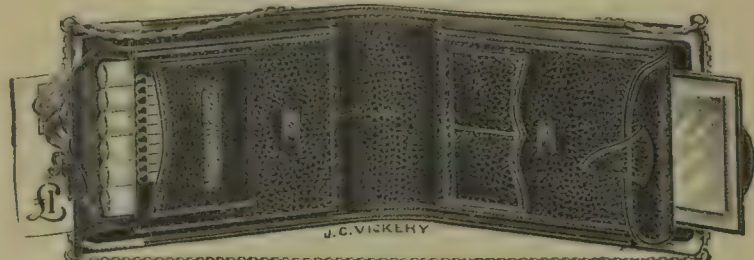
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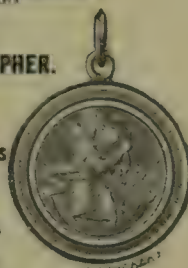
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(Continued.) composer and a great man, but from a technical standpoint it is hardly too much to say that Parry's conducting was disastrous. He was far too much excited by his music ever to think of giving people leads or doing anything to help his players and singers at a point of difficulty. His "personal magnetism" was indescribable. The mere fact of his presence in the hall was enough to rouse any chorus to a state of enthusiasm. His attitude towards his own music was characteristic of the man, and I could not imagine a composer of any other nationality sharing it. Indeed, though I have known a few English composers who had the same sort of outlook on their own work, they have been very few. At a rehearsal his whole interest seemed concentrated, not on his own music, but on the words of the poet. His rehearsals were lessons, not in music, but in literature. His only wish, one felt, was to give one a new light on Tennyson, Milton, or the Bible. He took his music for granted; I suppose his imagination heard what his imagination created, whether it was actually audible or not. I have known other composer-conductors, though not many, who were willing to take any amount of trouble over the preparation of other men's music, but partly from modesty, partly from inability to detach themselves, seemed almost indifferent to their own. Parry's choral works often sounded better under his baton than one might have expected, because preliminary rehearsals had been carefully directed by someone else.

The composer as accompanist to a singer is almost invariably disastrous, not for want of technical skill on the pianoforte, but from too much of it. It is not that he wants to show off. The composer is

naturally a more intelligent person than the singer. But singers are not always quite so stupid as they are supposed to be. Few composers understand their difficulties or their possibilities. The majority of serious song-writers conceive their songs from the pianist's and not the singer's point of view. In any case, a composer accompanying a song is tempted to let his excitement run away with him. Even if he does not actually

approximation to the composer's thought that our clumsy notation will permit. True, this might be brought forward as a reason why the composer should always be the best, or, indeed, the only interpreter of his music. He knows, one supposes, what he wants to express, and can express it with instruments, though not, perhaps, with pen and ink. But it is none the less true that there is much which the composer feels so inwardly that he often fails to see the necessity of expressing it. Here is where the sympathetic interpreter comes in. He, more easily than the composer, can see a work as a whole: composers almost invariably concentrate on details and exaggerate them. This attention to detail, coupled with inadequate technique in conducting, often makes a composer's rendering dull and lifeless. A suppler wrist, a subtler understanding, would give the work more animation and more coherence. And an outside conductor sees a work at once from the listener's

point of view. Ideas may be clear enough to the man who conceived them, but strange to an audience. A conductor's business is to understand and to make them clear.

There are some conductors who write music; but the kindest of composers can do nothing to help them.

E. J. DENT.

Novel-readers will appreciate the enterprise of Messrs. W. Collins Sons, and Co. in publishing a new series of well-bound and well-printed novels by eminent living writers at half a crown each.

Those already issued include "The Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells; "The Club of Queer Trades," by G. K. Chesterton; and "Mainwaring," by Maurice Hewlett.



A GAS ATTACK ON FLIES IN THEIR WINTER QUARTERS: GAS-MASKED SOLDIERS SPRAYING THE CREVICES OF A COOK-HOUSE AT ALDERSHOT.

play too loud, he takes the lead. We feel at once that it is he who is interpreting the song, not the singer; but he ruins the song in so doing.

For, quite apart from all questions of technique, there is, in these days, good reason to maintain that the composer is not the best interpreter of his own work. Busoni has well said that the mere act of writing down a piece of music is not composition, but transcription. Composition takes place in the brain. What is written down is the nearest



THE BRITISH ARMY'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST FLIES: MEN IN GAS-MASKS PUMPING SULPHUR DIOXIDE INTO AN ALDERSHOT COOK-HOUSE FROM A CLAYTON MACHINE.

The whereabouts of flies in the winter time is apparently known to the Intelligence Department of the British Army. In accordance with official instructions, a gas attack on the winter quarters of these familiar disease-carriers was recently organised at Aldershot, where cook-houses and other buildings were sprayed with sulphur dioxide.

Photographs by C.N.



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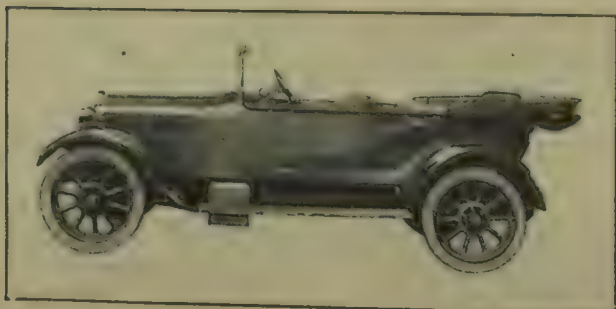
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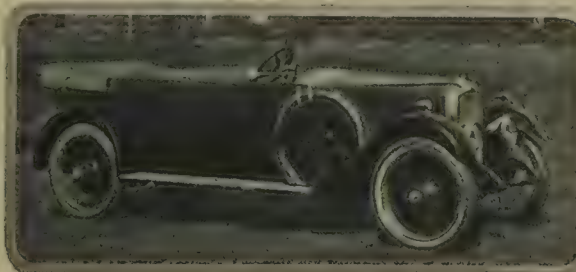
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.



The Immediate Future of Motoring.

The automobile year extends from Show to Show. Olympia marks the milestones and governs our calendar; so that, in speaking of the year, we mean the twelve months that elapse between one exhibition and another. As for the automobile year just closing, it cannot truthfully be said that it has been a successful one, from whatever point of view it is regarded. We have had one of the worst summers on record, one which was more reminiscent of an Arctic winter than an English summer, and one in which there has been very little incentive to indulge in those long, pleasant tours to which, as a rule, we so much look forward. That has necessarily had an adverse effect on the trade, since people have not bought new cars, as they would have done in a normal season; and those who depend for their livelihood on those branches of trade which can conveniently be grouped under the term of "service" have suffered correspondingly. Then trade generally has been depressed, in consequence of high taxation and the failure to settle down comfortably to peace conditions. The motor trade, being to some extent a luxury industry, has been one of those which have felt the reflex of these conditions very severely, and I imagine that most of the firms concerned in the industry are by no means sorry to see the end of a year which has been one of the worst recorded in the history of the motor trade.

The immediate future, however, seems to look

that ruling two years ago may mean all the difference between the ability to keep a car and doing without it. Again, car prices have come down with a run, and it is possible now to buy a good car at something very close indeed to that asked for it

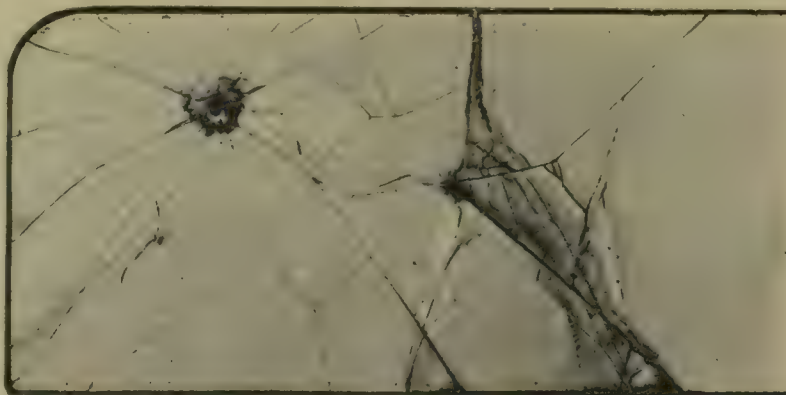
manufacturer. Once prices are at bed-rock, people will buy more freely because of the feeling that the car will remain at a fixed value, more or less, in the second-hand market according to its age. On the whole, I think we are going to enter upon a new Show period under much more favourable all-round conditions than we have had since the war.

Legislation to Come.

The Ministry of Transport seems to be fairly sure of itself.

Although we are faced with a change of Government, and presumably of policy, the Ministry still goes ahead with its preparations for introducing fresh motor legislation next year. A deputation representing the cycling interests waited upon the Ministry the other day to make representations regarding the alleged prevalence of dangerous driving, and to ask what was to be done about it. It received the reply that new legislation was projected, in which provision would be made for severer penalties for reckless and dangerous driving, and the issue of driving licenses made more in accord with the fitness of things by requiring the applicant to make a statutory declaration to the effect that he or she does not suffer from any mental or physical disability likely to make the driving of a motor-car by the subject dangerous to the public. All this is good enough so far as it goes; but what most of those who have

followed the doings of the Ministry are hoping is, that when the new Government gets to work and inaugurates a new policy of economy, the advice of



SHOWING THE MARK OF A BULLET THAT FAILED TO PENETRATE IT: PART OF THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS WIND-SCREEN OF SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD'S CAR.

The Triplex Safety Glass Wind-screen here illustrated was fitted to an armoured limousine Rolls-Royce used by Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., Chief Secretary for Ireland. "This car," writes an ex-constable of the R.I.C., "was fired upon in May 1921 in Dublin. One shot hit the wind-screen and embedded itself in the glass, but failed to penetrate, and in my opinion, had ordinary glass been fitted, I should have certainly been wounded in the head, if not killed, to say nothing of the attendant wounds from shattered glass."

in the days before the war. I think we have now got car prices stabilised. They certainly cannot come lower, on the whole, than they are. This is a



FROM ACTON, LONDON, TO ACTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: TWO OF THE NEW 40-50-H.P. NAPIERS IN A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE.

This photograph was taken near Ion, Acton, Gloucester, by Mr. H. J. Thomas, one of the pioneer British airmen, and owner of the car on the right.



LEAVING COVENTRY FOR SCOTLAND: A GROUP OF 1922 HUMBERS.

These cars are seen leaving the Humber Works at Coventry to the order of one Scottish dealer. The purchasers accompanied him to Coventry to take delivery, and are shown seated ready for the journey North.

much brighter. Trade generally seems to be moving forward, and this must affect the luxury industries favourably. The reductions in the price of petrol and tyres which were announced recently will undoubtedly encourage the use of the car, because of the enormous difference they will make in running costs. I know there are some who affect to believe that the actual costs of maintaining and running a car meet with but little consideration from the man who has made up his mind that he must have a car. I am inclined to agree that these actual running costs, as I will call them, are almost merely incidental to the actual cost of one's motoring. By that I mean that the motorist spends a great deal of money on his journeys that he would keep in his pocket if he stayed at home. Hotel expenses, tips, and the thousand and one incidental expenses that one incurs really amount in the year to a great deal more than the car costs to maintain and run; but still the latter costs are a very serious consideration, and to the motorist of moderate means they are everything. The difference between the present price of motor fuel and

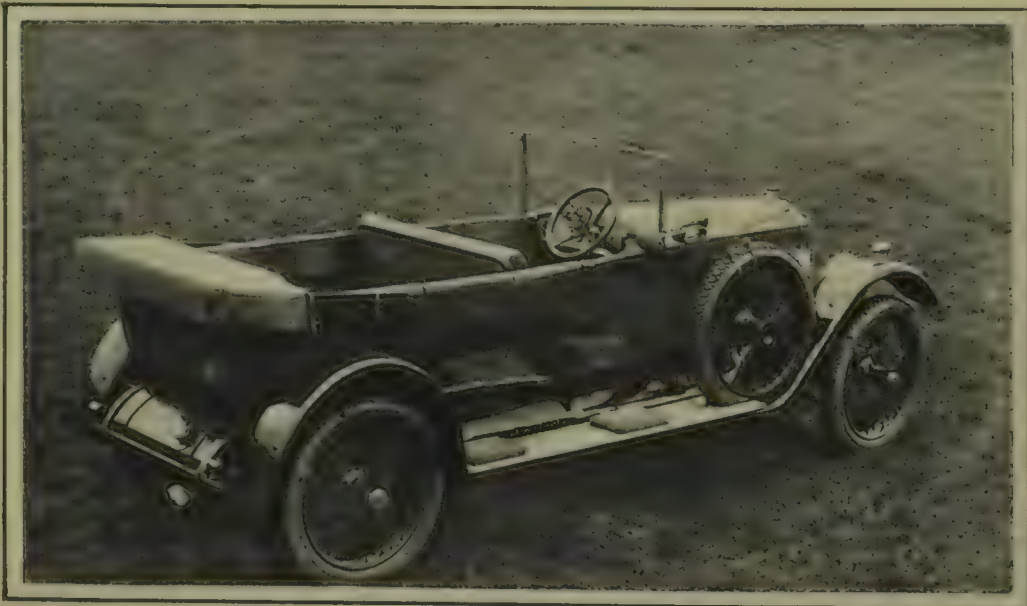
very good thing, because it engenders confidence in the buying public. I know from experience that there is nothing that disgusts the individual more

Sir Eric Geddes, the first head of the Ministry, will be taken, and the Department scrapped, along with other redundant and expensive war-time Ministries. The

Ministry of Transport has done nothing that was not done equally well and at less expense by the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board before it came into existence, and its departure from active interference with official matters would not be mourned by anyone but the bureaucrats who form its staff.

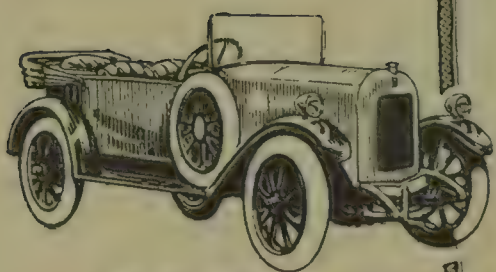
Incidental to the objects of the deputation under discussion, I wonder if its members had anything to say or any remedy to suggest for the grave danger constituted by lightless cyclists after the hours of dusk? I am certainly of opinion that there is more dangerous riding done by cyclists than there is driving by motorists. Not one cyclist in a hundred will light up until the last moment allowed him by the law. Often, well within the statutory time, the conditions make it absolutely dangerous to ride lightless, yet

the cyclist will not exercise his common-sense. The law, as it stands, is to blame; but I do not hear that the deputation asked for its alteration. W. W.

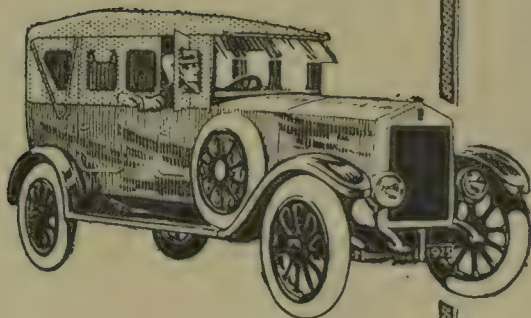


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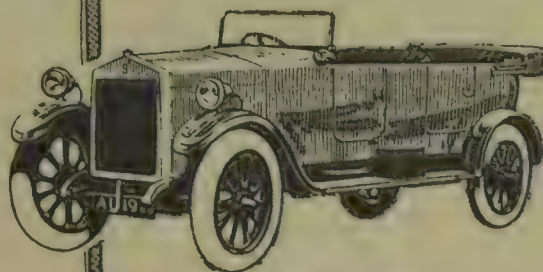
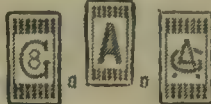
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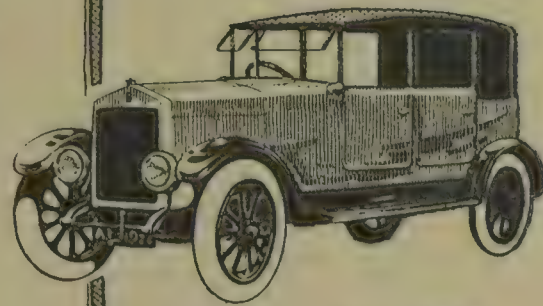
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LONDON'S BIRD SANCTUARIES.

LONDON is, I believe, the first great city in England to start the formation of "sanctuaries" for birds in its larger parks. Some time ago the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds approached the authorities in charge of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens and unfolded before them a scheme for the creation of thickets in secluded portions of these parks large enough to afford harbourage during the breeding season for various kinds of small birds which there was good reason to believe would readily settle there. The authorities were sympathetic, and the experiment has been abundantly justified.

So far, only a little planting of suitable shrubs and bushes has been done, and it will take four or five years before the full benefits of this work can make themselves apparent. But even this year no less than twenty species have bred in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. Besides thrushes of three species, robins, and hedge-sparrows, this list includes the blue-tit, great-tit, lesser whitethroat, spotted fly-catcher, and tawny owl. This is surely a most excellent beginning.

It is to be hoped that Battersea Park will be included in this scheme, for it is not only one of the most beautiful of London's parks, but it is an eminently suitable place, being sufficiently large, and boasting a "lake" of quite respectable proportions. I have the good fortune to live just outside its fence, and during many years' residence here have had many opportunities of "bird-watching" in its more secluded corners. By the lake I have seen both the kingfisher and the common sandpiper, the grey, pied, and yellow wagtails, spotted fly-catcher, garden warbler, willow warbler, and white-throat; but I do not know if any of these has ever bred there.

In the formation of these "sanctuaries" raids from two quarters must, in so far as possible, be provided against. These are cats and bird-nesting boys. They are both very active in Battersea Park, and I

suspect in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens as well. A fairly broad belt of brambles, nettles, and thistles would help to protect the thickets set apart for the birds from the raids of boys, and these plants would, in addition, be much appreciated by the birds.

A similar scheme has, I believe, been started in Richmond Park, and this should yield far more

annually defoliate the oaks. This year I found them crawling up and down the trunks in myriads, while only now and then did I see a bird eating them. It is not that they passed them by; they were nesting elsewhere, where suitable conditions were to be found.

Besides the planting of thickets for the smaller birds, I should like to see an attempt to make more of the beautiful Penn ponds. A pair or two of great-crested grebes and dabchicks can generally be seen here; but no sooner does one settle down to watch them than someone comes along with a dog and starts throwing sticks into the water for the dog to fetch. This evidently affords amusement both to the dog and its owner, but it effectually drives away the birds, who take what cover they can. This form of amusement should be forbidden. And, in addition, clumps of reeds here and there along the edges of the ponds should be planted. If the two unsightly "islands," only a yard or two square, in the middle of the lower pond were surrounded by reeds or bull-rushes, more cover for the grebes and other aquatic birds would be afforded, and presently reed and sedge warblers might be induced to breed there.

When this idea was first mooted by the Bird Protection Society it was hoped that the lead given by London might be followed by every other similar park throughout the kingdom. This plea for the birds is urged not merely out of "sentiment," but chiefly because they are needed. During the war large areas of covert and woodland were despoiled of their shelter, and it will take long for such resorts to recover. Sanctuaries in and around city parks, it is true, can add no more than the proverbial drop in the ocean, but every drop helps to tide over a difficult period.

More, much more, can be done by those in whose hands rest the management of the re-afforestation schemes which the Government have in hand. But it will be difficult indeed to get anything done unless the responsible authorities can be brought to see that economic ornithology must be seriously considered in their schemes.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE WINNERS, RUNNERS-UP, AND ORGANISERS OF THE "EVE" LADIES' GOLF FOURSOMES: MISS JOY WINN; MISS E. E. HELME; MISS FOWLER; MRS. GAVIN; MR. EDWARD HUSKINSON; AND MISS ROGERS (L. TO R.).

Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss J. Rogers won the Ladies' Golf Foursomes, organised by our contemporary "Eve," at Ranelagh, defeating Mrs. Gavin, the Canadian Champion, and her partner, Miss Joy Winn, by five and four in the final. Our photograph shows the winning pair and the runners-up holding their challenge bowls, small replicas, and prizes. Mr. Edward Huskinson is the Editor of the "Tatler" and "Eve," and Miss E. E. Helme is the Golfing Editor of the latter paper, and a well-known player.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

fruitful results. Judiciously nursed, it should vastly increase the number of insect-eating birds which haunt this most delightful spot. There would then be some check on the ravages of the caterpillars, which

in hand. But it will be difficult indeed to get anything done unless the responsible authorities can be brought to see that economic ornithology must be seriously considered in their schemes.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

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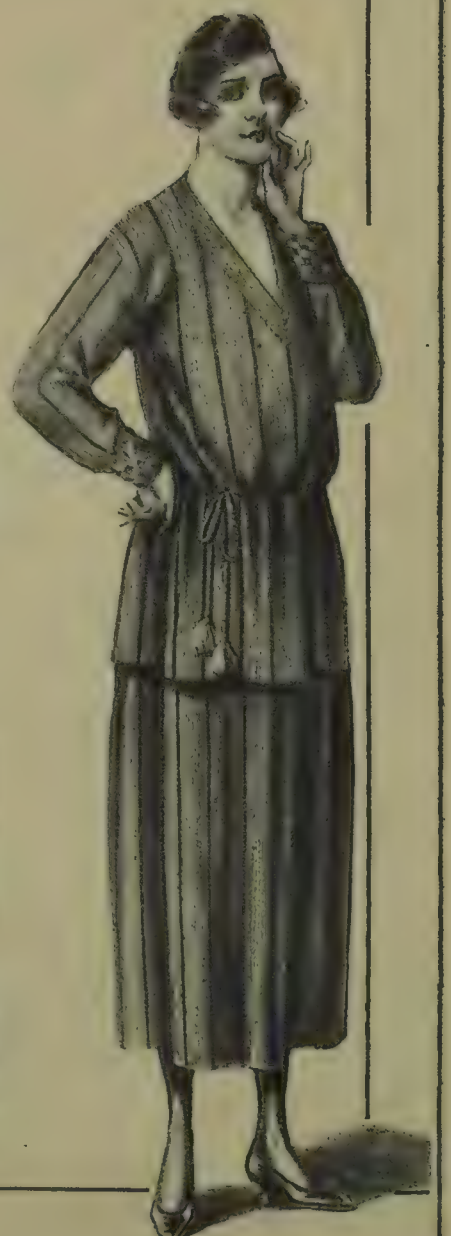
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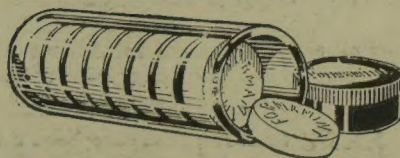
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS THORNDIKE'S MEDEA AT THE NEW.

THOSE pessimists who make it their lament that the days of tragic acting are over on the English stage should make a point of attending one

nothing in beauty and impressiveness. But not all Miss Thorndike's training was acquired at the Old Vic, and her association with the Grand Guignol and the policy of horror for horror's sake, sometimes adopted there, has left its mark on her methods. Too often her Medea makes a savage assault on the nerves of the audience, and resembles some modern victim of neurosis; heroic rage gives place to manifestations uncommonly like those of hysteria; her mouth becomes distorted, and her speech unrhythmical, while grace and majesty fall from this daughter of the gods. What is good is so good in the actress's work that an attempt to lift the whole to the plane of classic sobriety, to eschew the horrific for the truly tragic, would be worth while making. Meantime, her acting, if only for its courage, ought not to be missed by any connoisseur of the theatre; even in its faults it is live and intelligent, and at any rate it has splendid moments. Strange to say, in connection with an

possession is "Dédé," which, like "Phi-Phi," hails from Paris, and is your customary French farce set to music which is French, but helped to success—for it should succeed in London—by the efforts of that almost Anglicised American comedian, Mr. Joseph Coyne. The plot has an amusing idea, concerned, as it is, with a man's buying a boot-shop, so that he can always meet his lady love, as it were, in the way of business. The music, supplied by Henri Christine, has the right champagne quality. The colour and designs and settings could not be bettered by revue. The representative of the heroine, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, makes a hit alike by pretty acting and pleasant singing, not to mention some excellent dancing. With Mr. Coyne showing at his best and getting such support, "Dédé" makes a promising enough start, and is likely to settle down for a considerable run. Among other members of the company who give valuable help towards the success of the piece are Mr. Guy Le Feuvre, in the part of the hero, Miss Joyce Gaymon, and Miss Velma Deane, while Mr. Donovan Parsons has provided some attractive lyrics.



A BUTTERFLY BROUGHT DOWN BY A SHOT-GUN: A NEW SPECIES FROM THE WEST INDIES.

This butterfly—a new species—was discovered in the island of Buru, West Indies, by Messrs. C. B. and F. B. Pratt, and has been named "O Prattorum." It was brought down by a 12-bore shot-gun fired into a flight of butterflies, and the perforations of the shot can be seen in the photograph. The butterfly is now at the Hill Museum, Witley.

of the matinee performances, now being given by Miss Sybil Thorndike, at the New Theatre, of Dr. Gilbert Murray's translation of "Medea": the experience should cause them to modify their views. And this may be said without endorsement of all that Miss Thorndike does in the rôle of Euripides' heroine; nay, with the admission that not infrequently the reading given by the most industrious and perhaps talented of London actresses misses the ideal of dignity and of emotion held under due restraint. There are two sides to Miss Thorndike's Medea, to her picture of hatred burning up pity and pursuing a terrible revenge, and only one side can be contemplated with full aesthetic satisfaction. Hear this Queen mourning in advance the fate of the children she proposes to kill, and you feel yourself in presence of regal eloquence, of tragic grief, of an art that lacks

artist so accomplished, the Jason of Mr. Leslie Faber proves disappointing, and thus far at least, tame and undistinguished; later on, perhaps, he may find his feet. Mr. Lewis Casson's Messenger is as moving as ever it was; and Mr. Lawrence Anderson's Creon also calls for praise.

"DÉDÉ" AT THE GARRICK.

One more theatre has passed into the hands of all-conquering musical comedy. This time it is the Garrick which has been captured. The piece in



FRANCE AND ISLAM: MARSHAL LYAUTEY AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST MOSQUE TO BE BUILT IN PARIS.

Marshal Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Morocco, took part in inaugurating the first mosque in Paris, in the Place du Puits de l'Ermitage, on October 19. In the centre of the photograph is Sidi Ben Ghabrit, President of the Association of the Holy Places. Marshal Lyautey was asked to cut the first sod, but thought this ritual act should be performed by a Moslem. He urged the union of France and Islam, and praised Kemal Pasha.—[Photo. by C.N.]

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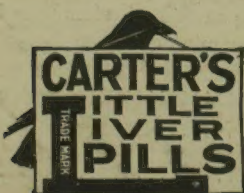
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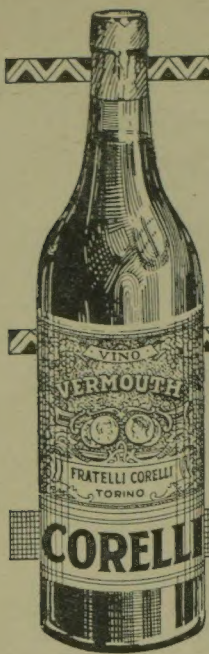
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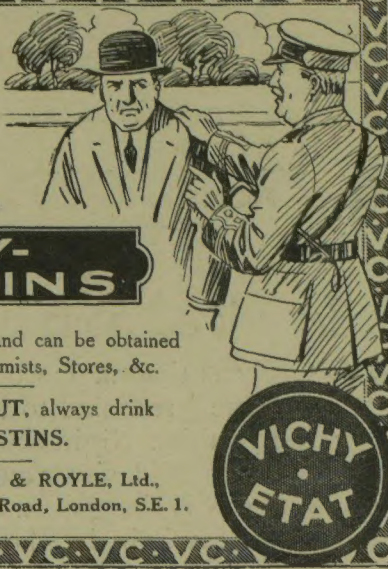
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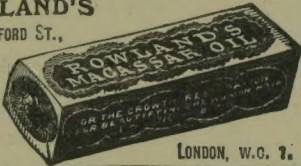
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Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C. 1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Are You Looking for a House?

The "Cottabunga" will solve your problem. It can be erected where you wish, ready for occupation, with all fittings, including bath, hot water, etc., in about six weeks. The "Cottabunga" is the most wonderful value ever offered—compact, commodious, and will last a lifetime.

Write for "Cottabunga" Catalogue, illustrating three types of "Cottabunga," also illustrated Catalogue showing every description of portable building. Sent free on request.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING

MORNY

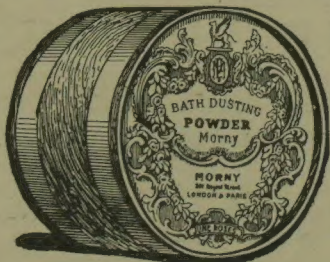
BATH DUSTING POWDER "MORNY"

IS THE FOUNDATION OF A DAINTY TOILETTE

Issued perfumed in original odours as under:

"CHAMINADE"	Kegs 5/- & 9/6	"NOCTURNE"	Kegs 4/- & 7/6
"MYSTÉRIEUSE"		"SERENADE"	
"JUNE ROSES"		"VIOLETTE-MORNY"	
		"YESHA"	

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from



201 REGENT STREET LONDON W. 1

ONE MILLION "HAIR BEAUTY" FREE GIFTS

"Open Sesame" to the Treasure of Beautiful Hair—Unique "Harlene Hair-Drill"
Demonstration to Prove How You Can Banish Hair Poverty.

A WONDERFUL HAIR-BEAUTY FREE OUTFIT AWAITS THE LABEL TO YOUR OWN HOME.

Luxurious, Abundant, Wavy Tresses, for All Who Post the Gift Coupon Below To-day.

AS surely as the magic words "Open Sesame" revealed to the hero of the Arabian Nights Story priceless treasures in gold, silver and precious gems, so to-day is the golden treasury of beautiful healthy hair, by the wonderful Gift Offer made here, placed in the possession of the tens of thousands of men and women readers.

Hair poverty unquestionably means a dowdy appearance. Hair health brings with it the return of youth, a fascination of appearance and charm which is irresistible in its appeal.

It is hair health and hair in abundance that "Harlene Hair-Drill" offers you to-day.

It is an extraordinary thing, but nevertheless perfectly true, that there are thousands of people who look at things without ever seeing them; particularly is this true of the hair. Every morning of your life, and perhaps several times during the day, you stand before your mirror to brush and comb your hair, and do not realise the alarming secret that is being revealed to you.

A REMARKABLE REVELATION.

As you brush your hair a powdery scurf falls on your shoulder or perhaps the hair lies dank and lifeless when you part it. Perhaps in the comb there is a mass of hairs pulled from the head, or perhaps—well, there are a host of symptoms that clearly tell you hair poverty has set in.

You may banish that hair poverty to-day. Take the opportunity now, whilst you are thinking of this important matter, and send at once for the Free Gift that awaits you.

And, chief of all, in the wonderful gift parcel which will be sent you, is the trial bottle of "Harlene" itself; that wonderful golden liquid which, like wine to drooping spirits, stimulates and revives the drooping hair.

"Harlene" itself is composed of the very elements that the hair will absorb, and so increase its growth and abundance. And whilst it feeds and actually promotes new hair growth, it cleanses away the dust and decaying matter that choke out the life of the hair, giving a sense of freshness and freedom to the scalp, and withal a subtle, restrained, but enticing perfume that the most fastidious appreciate.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Were it for the supply of "Harlene" alone, the gift offered you would prove invaluable, but here is a Four-Fold Gift completing the hair beauty course invincible in its power to banish hair poverty for ever. Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill," and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling out, splitting at the ends or losing its brightness and "tone." A million special "Harlene" Outfits have been set aside as free gifts to all who desire the pleasure and charm of splendid, healthy hair, and one of these special parcels awaits a label

with your name and address on it, so that the postman can bring it direct to your door.

Here in detail are the actual contents of your gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel. Consider each item separately, and you will realise the great hair health opportunity which is placed before you.

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE" for the Hair, acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair.

There are no restrictions attached to this Four-Fold Gift. Simply send your name and address, written clearly on a blank piece of paper, together with the coupon, and you may commence to gain hair beauty in the delightful "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

Two minutes a day is all you need to give to "Harlene Hair-Drill," and in the "rushiest of rushy" mornings you will always be able to spare

that time, knowing that all the day your hair will be a personal pride to you.

You can always tell the "Harlene" man or woman at the theatre, in the ballroom, or at sports and games. The hair has that rich, distinctive character that is at once a label of health and perfect condition. Men with crisp, curling, lustrous hair; women whose tresses form an aureole of beauty and splendour—both alike have secured this priceless quality of hair health by simply performing for two minutes each morning the simple "Harlene Hair Drill" you are invited to demonstrate in your own home free of cost.

"HARLENE" WILL BANISH THESE TROUBLES.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift is for you if you are troubled with

1. Falling Hair.
2. Greasy Scalp.
3. Splitting Hair.
4. Dank or Lifeless Hair.
5. Scurf.
6. Over-Dry Scalp.
7. Thinning Hair.
8. Baldness.

Be resolved that as the springtime wakes to life the millions of winter-hidden buds and blossoms, the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Free Gift shall wake to life the hidden beauties of your hair. Every day that you neglect, the more your hair increases its poverty, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and Society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit will be sent to your address in any part of the world. Cut out the coupon below and post as directed to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.



2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which, although colourless in itself, gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. Any reader who would like to try "Astol" free of charge can do so by enclosing an extra 2d. stamps for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A COPY OF THE NEW EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS, which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair.



FREE "HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1

DEAR SIR,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

I.L.N., 28-10-22